The Outlook

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Insull Insults

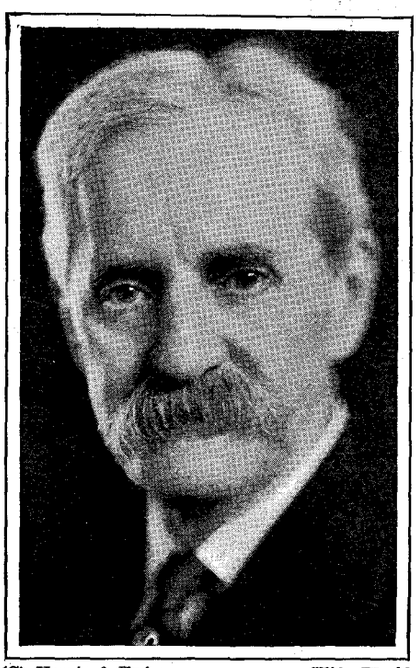
"ANOTHER insult," exclaimed the Lord High Every-thing-else in "The Mikado." "And," bringing his hand around from behind, "I think a light one." The only essential difference between W. S. Gilbert's fancy and Illinois' facts appear to be that, whereas everybody insulted the Lord High Every-thing-else, Samuel Insull of Illinois insulted everybody—lightly and otherwise. He gave $125,000 to Colonel Frank L. Smith, who won the Republican nomination for United States Senator. He gave $15,000 to George E. Brennan, who won the Democratic. The insult to Brennan may appear unduly light, but it is not so relatively. Insull paid slightly less than half of the direct expense incurred by Smith and very slightly less than three-fourths of that incurred by Brennan. A Democratic nomination, at least when the boss is running, comes cheaper than a Republican nomination.

Insull's insults, however, were not so early ended. He gave $10,000 to the Deneen group which supported Senator McKinley whom Colonel Smith was out to beat. He gave another $10,000 to the Crowe-Barrett group, opposed to McKinley. In addition to all that, he made a gift of over $33,000 for propaganda against American adherence to the World Court. The benefit of all his insults, except the one of $15,000 to Brennan and the one of $10,000 to Deneen, accrued to Frank L. Smith, the successful Republican nominee.

Colonel Smith is chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission which controls all the traction companies of the State. Mr. Insull is a large owner of public utilities properties, perhaps more deeply interested in traction franchises than any other man in Illinois.

There is no disposition here to question Mr. Insull's motives. It may be that he simply coveted the rôle of "angel" indiscriminate. But his conduct was certainly such as to enable those who may wish to question his motives to say that he prayed both "Good Lord" and "Good devil," not knowing into whose hands he might fall.

As The Outlook has previously pointed out, the danger in primary expenditures is not so much in the sums spent as in the sources of the money. It certainly is not seemly that such sums should come from a pocket that might be interested to advance the candidacy of men in position to bestow favors regardless of election results. If Colonel Smith is not elected United States Senator, he will still be Chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission. If Mr. Brennan is not elected Senator, he will still be the Democratic Boss of Chicago.



(C) Harris & Ewing Wide World

Albert B. Cummins

The inquiries of the Senate Select Committee have revealed, thus far, expenditures of $971,000 in the Illinois senatorial primaries. These figures appear small only by contrast with the larger ones uncovered in Pennsylvania. There was spent directly by the Smith organization $253,547, and the Deneen organization spent another sum of $129,865 in Smith's behalf. The expenditures from McKinley headquarters totaled $350,616, with the Crowe-Barrett forces spending $175,000 in support of Senator McKinley. Brennan's campaign cost, so far as revealed, $20,841. The Smith total, including everything so far revealed, was about $380,000 and the McKinley total about $525,000, two and three times as large as the sum spent in behalf of Truman H. Newberry of Michigan a few years ago.

As was the case in Pennsylvania, the more lavish spender lost in Illinois. He would have fared no worse had the expenditures been held within modest bounds. Perhaps, after all, Senatorships are not won by the expenditure of huge sums of money.

Senator Albert Baird Cummins

TWENTY years ago, the progressives of Iowa, many of them radicals, saw in Albert B. Cummins a Moses to lead the plains country out of what they regarded as economic bondage. He had been three times Governor. They sent him to the United States Senate in place of Allison. For nearly eighteen years Cummins continued in that position, but, somewhere down the path of the years, he ceased to be the idol of those who did not love the existing order. The old discontent had fretted itself to sleep; there had been a period of quiescense and comfort; when unease came again and protest was in the making, Cummins was not its voice. It was said that the progressive had become a reactionary. So, in the Republican primary of a few weeks ago, Cummins, at seventy-six, was cast off. Defeat was added to the burdens of an old man.

But, in the very last days of his life, Cummins again came very close to being the idol, if not the champion, of the Iowa progressives—or radicals, as one may choose to call them. They had discarded him for Brookhart; they had believed that his stand in favor of the Haugen farm relief bill was for campaign purposes; but when he, in defeat, still advocated the principles of the Haugen bill and said that if it could be proved unsound the protective tariff would become indefensible, they took him again to their hearts and gave him an ovation.

Senator Cummins never believed that the people of Iowa had ceased to trust him as a progressive leader. He regarded himself as a sacrifice for the Coolidge Administration, which he had supported at every point except that of agricultural relief. He believed that those who nominated Brookhart voted not against Cummins but against Coolidge. He predicted,

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publicly, that Coolidge will be out of politics in 1928.

Perhaps it is better for the ultimate reputation of Senator Cummins as a constructive statesman that he is not to have the opportunity of advocating the vagaries of the Haugen bill at the approaching short session of Congress. His work will stand now as that of a Senator who was progressive without being radical. He did genuine work of large importance. In the latter years, his was the guiding hand of the Interstate Commerce Committee and of the Judiciary Committee. Of the laws he framed, the one of outstanding importance is the Esch-Cummins act for the regulation of railroads. The flexible feature of the present tariff law constituted a part of "the Iowa idea" on which Cummins was first sent to the Senate.

It appears probable that the death of Senator Cummins will result in the return of Brookhart to the Senate for the short session, by appointment of the Governor to fill out the unexpired term. The spectacle of Brookhart as colleague of Steck, who ousted him from his seat a few months ago, will be, to say the least, unusual.

Coolidge and 1928

WHILE the President fishes in Lake Osgood, waiting for many things besides nibbles, and the newspaper correspondents play dominoes at Paul Smith's, waiting for anything that can be "interpreted," the country begins to be a bit anxious in its waiting to find out whether or not Calvin Coolidge is to be a candidate for the Presidency in 1928. Nobody at Paul Smith's, and probably nobody at White Pine Camp, knows any more about it than everybody else knows. President Coolidge, perhaps, knows whether or not he will be a candidate if the conditions are favorable but, even if his mind is made up, the time has not come for him to speak.

Determination of the question as to whether conditions will be favorable or not waits upon several things. The one most imminent is the outcome of Senatorial and Congressional elections this fall. They may give a clear indication—or they may not. The one likely to be most decisive is the continuance or interruption of business prosperity. The one most tantalizing is the attitude of the country toward another term for Coolidge in view of the fact that he is now serving what might be regarded as a second term. Some of the friends of the President have indicated their belief that his filling out of a part of the term to which Harding was elected should not be construed as putting him in the position of seeking a third term. It is a question which the people of the United States have never had to decide. A similar situation has existed only once before, and in that case President Roosevelt declined to be a candidate.

Meanwhile, there is no dearth of aspirants for the Republican nomination in the event that any or all of these things should render Coolidge unavailable; probably no lack of disposition to aid circumstances in making him unavailable. Those now coming to be regarded as active candidates are Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House of Representatives; Frank O. Lowden, former Governor of Illinois, and Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President of the United States. The alignment with Longworth of C. Bascom Slemp, formerly Secretary to President Coolidge and reputed expert in the handling of Southern delegations, may be regarded as significant. It is understood that, in the event of a contest between Coolidge and Longworth, the campaign of the latter would be based primarily on opposition to the Administration policy with regard to the World Court. Lowden is the champion of the agricultural West and Middle West and has repeatedly put himself on record as opposed to the Administration with regard to agricultural relief. Vice-President Dawes is more of a free lance but there are indications that he hopes for the support of the agricultural forces. In a speech recently delivered in Denver, he acquitted them of the charge of seeking special privileges and appeared to promise them the relief they desire through co-operation with Eastern business.

One other man must be included in any list of probable candidates, though he appears to have done nothing directly to put himself forward as such. As the situation exists to-day, there is little room for doubt that Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, would be the residuary legatee of Administration strength in the event that Mr. Coolidge should be found unavailable.

The Presidential Primary

LOUISE OVERACKER, Assistant Professor of History and Government at Wellesley, has published through the Macmillan Company an interesting and comprehensive survey of the Presidential primary as it has progressed since its initiation in 1906, when Wisconsin provided for the direct election of delegates to National conventions. The Oregon law of 1910 was the next step. In one way or another, twenty-nine States provided a popular way of selecting delegates for the purpose of choosing nominees for the Presidency. The movement seems to have reacted, and the recent developments exposing excessive expenditures on Senatorial primaries in Pennsylvania and Illinois have for the moment reflected seriously against the direct method of determining political desires. Since 1916 one State only, Alabama, had adopted a Presidential primary system. The law was declared unconstitutional. Minnesota, Iowa, Vermont, and Montana have abandoned the idea after short trials. The primary method of selecting delegates remains compulsory in twenty-two States.

Figures compiled by Professor Overacker indicate that, so far as known, the expense of the primary does not fall very heavily upon would-be delegates, but entails considerable cost to the State. She does not expect much change until some exciting situation, like the Taft-Roosevelt contest of 1912, arises to stir the country.

The Two-Thirds Rule

ALL factions of the Democratic party, apparently, favor abolition of the two-thirds rule for the making of nominations in National convention. It will very likely turn out that, because so many factions do favor it, the reform will not be brought about. There is not much doubt that each of the actively contending factions has been animated, at least partially, by the hope of factional advantage. Each has accused the other of lack of sincerity. At first, Smith advocates declared that opposition to abolishing the rule came from the McAdoo strongholds. Recently, one of the most ardent of Mr. McAdoo's supporters published an article in the "New Republic" in which he said that the Smith forces would try to block majority rule.

More recently, John W. Davis declared himself in favor of abolishing the two-thirds rule. He is the most recent nominee of the Democratic party for the Presidency and, therefore, the titular party head. He is regarded as not identified in any way either with the Smith following or the McAdoo following. Certainly, he owes little enough to either of them. Each contributed to his campaign

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We are now afloat

(Julius Caesar, Act IV, Scene 3)

Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal

Dropping the pilots

From Mrs. M. B. Brooks, Waco, Texas

T. Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

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Rougher in the ocean

From D. S. Inirle, New York, N. Y.

Cargill in the Kansas City Journal

Can he shoot the bird without scaring the fish?

From Emma Cole, Humboldt, Kansas

Cargill in the Kansas City Post

Land at last!

From Emma Cole, Humboldt, Kansas

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in 1924 exactly so much as it thought would rebound to its own advantage in 1928. Mr. Davis's position might be taken as that of the Democrats outside the McAdoo and Smith camps but the very groups which, outside those camps in 1924, made his nomination possible may exert the balance of power to keep the rule as it is. Mr. Davis would abolish the unit rule also, and that may not please some of those who would be glad to see the two-thirds rule go by the board. The unit rule is sometimes troublesome, but it does constitute a sort of safeguard against the use of undue influence upon individual delegates.

Whether the two-thirds rule is a good or a bad thing is still, despite the several declarations against it, open to question. Theoretically, perhaps, it is bad. It does not appear to be entirely democratic—but the Democratic party is sometimes in the same apparent situation. In practice, no great harm has ever resulted from it. Blamed by many for the long-drawn deadlock in Madison Square Garden, it really had no bearing on the situation. Neither McAdoo nor Smith ever had a majority and, if only a majority had been necessary, neither ever could have obtained it by any means. It is claimed that Champ Clark did, for a little while, have a majority at Baltimore in 1912, and his failure to obtain the nomination embittered for the rest of his life an otherwise jovial nature. It is by no means certain, however, that the Clark majority was absolute; some of the votes cast for him under a two-thirds rule, when they were not sufficient to nominate, probably would have gone elsewhere on those ballots under a majority rule. And, no matter how the fact may be as to that, even the enemies of Woodrow Wilson have perhaps never doubted that the best interests of the country were served in that instance by the two-thirds rule.

Radio Undertakes Self-Control

Not from choice but from necessity, made stern by the failure of Congress to enact a regulatory law and by the claim-jumping proclivities of some stations, the radio industry has undertaken to regulate itself. It is not to have a "czar," as baseball and motion pictures have, but a Protective Committee made up of representatives of the Radio Manufacturers Association, the National Association of Broadcasters, the American Radio Relay League and the Associated Manufacturers of Electrical Supplies. Commercialized baseball and the motion picture industry went into "czardom," largely, in the hope of preventing the enactment of regulatory laws. The radio industry does a thing somewhat similar for lack of regulatory laws and proposes to abandon it when such laws have been passed.

Secretary of Commerce Hoover, who sometime ago predicted chaos, is now somewhat less pessimistic. He believes that if the co-operation of the organizations is kept up for only six months, the broadcasting problem will be near solution. He says that, as a result of the mere announcement that there is to be such co-operation, "there has been a tendency already on the part of those stations which have gone off their regular wave lengths to get back to those which have been assigned to them."

It is not entering too much into the realm of prophecy to predict that, if this organization can produce such results in a few months, it will never be abandoned. An up-to-date law for the regulation of radio is needed and it is difficult to believe that Congress will let another session pass without enacting it. But the radio industry will always be able to do many things toward self-regulation that no Federal administrator could do for it.

Andrews and the British

The liquor smuggling prevention conference, held in London between General Lincoln C. Andrews and officials of the British Government, gives promise of fruitfulness. Indeed, it already has borne fruit. Some time must elapse before the effects will be apparent in the quantity of smuggled liquor that reaches —or, more strictly speaking, which does not reach—American shores, but the agreeable manner in which old irritations were removed is in itself an achievement. The British officials, in paying a tribute to General Andrews and his associates, said that no exaggerated claims were put forward by the Americans and that, as a result, it was possible on every point to suggest methods of closer co-operation between the two Governments. General Andrews spoke in the same tone of the British officials. "In any given case," he said, "it was only necessary to arrive at an understanding of the existing conditions when the British themselves were quick to suggest a remedy."

The terms of the agreement have not been announced and probably will never be made public in detail. In general, they are known to consist of specifications of the kind of help that the British authorities can give in preventing smuggling from the sea and particularly from bases in the West Indies. The most important feature is understood to be an arrangement for the pooling of information by American prohibition authorities and British departmental officials. The British authorities will notify the Prohibition Unit of sailings of suspicious ships when such sailings cannot be prevented, and Americans will keep the British informed of British ships suspected of smuggling and will supply evidence for prosecutions under existing British law.

Secretary of State Kellogg has announced that what was done in London does not constitute a treaty or a convention but merely a working agreement.

Ontario Turns to Private Power

The Province of Ontario, delivering electric current at low cost to its inhabitants, has for years furnished the advocates of public operation of utilities with one of their most impressive "talking points." The hydroelectric power system of the province had, indeed, two extraordinary assets; one of them a share in Niagara Falls and the other the genius and devotion of a great public servant, Sir Adam Beck. Sir Adam died last August, and Niagara Falls now supplies, and Ontario uses, the electric product of about all the water which the International Commission permits the province to divert. For one or both of these reasons, Ontario has found it necessary to turn to a privately owned power source for a needed addition to its electric supply. A despatch from Toronto recently announced that the province was to purchase from the Gatineau Power Company upward of 200,000 horse-power a year for thirty years. There has been no more striking instance of private business stepping over the door-sill of public enterprise.

Some of the warmer partisans of the rigid segregation of business and government may proclaim the event a proof that government operation cannot, at the best, hold its own against private undertakings. Perhaps a few chagrined supporters of public ownership schemes will be betrayed by their disappointment into a somewhat similar view. As a matter of fact, the case is not such a simple one. Ontario has developed all the great power sites that it finds available at this moment. It had to choose between building coal generating plants

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in a Dominion still abounding in unharnessed water and tapping a hydroelectric source beyond its own provincial bounds. It chose the latter way. One government conducting for the benefit of its own people a vast productive enterprise in the jurisdiction of another government might well meet with complications. So Ontario did the simple and obvious thing by seeking to lease the electric output of a private company.

Has not public electric generation met in this case a serious limitation not heretofore generally reckoned at its full weight? Private enterprise can find its way across borders that would halt a provincial or in our case a State government. In this day of swift geographical expansion of electric enterprises, the limitation may be a vital one.

Poincaré Hesitates about France's War Debt

"To pay or not to pay" evidently is the question worrying Premier Poincaré most as he starts on his new term of office as head of the coalition Cabinet in France. Reports from Paris as to the new government's intentions concerning the French war debts to the United States and Great Britain have been conflicting. At first it was said that the Premier intended to shelve both of the recently concluded debt agreements, and rely upon internal resources to finance the government and meet maturing obligations; then, that he had found that he would need some foreign credits, and so intended to bring up the British agreement for ratification in Parliament and postpone action on the American agreement; then, that he would bring up both agreements, probably with reservations on the American agreement designed to open the way for an attempt at modification of its terms. What France wants, of course, is the long-discussed "safeguarding clause" which would make French payments to the United States contingent upon German reparation payments to France.

Meanwhile, Poincaré has succeeded in getting a sweeping vote of confidence from the Chamber of Deputies and in jamming through the first part of his financial program. This was a tax bill planned to increase revenues by direct and indirect levies to the amount of some 5,000,000,000 francs. He is also said to have a project for creating a sinking fund out of new revenues, to meet internal debts as they fall due, while reparations receipts would be reserved to liquidate foreign debts. Further, a scheme is in the air for a national tobacco company, to take over the state tobacco monopoly and so provide new funds through the sale of shares.

Altogether, it is too early to estimate Poincaré's full policy. But the fact that French francs have begun to recover some of their value on the exchange markets shows that he has done the most important thing, which is to revive—both at home and abroad—the waning faith in the future of France.

Wide World

Premier Poincaré

Protect Grade-Crossings!

When a grade-crossing fatality occurs we rightly blame the criminal folly of the driver of a motor car who runs a race with death and loses.

But is that all of it? Should people be allowed to commit suicide under the intoxication of speeding or of whisky? The railways say that they cannot abolish grade-crossings; that to make bridges or underroads would ruin the railways financially; that they must deal with the danger gradually—the worst crossings first.

Very well; but is that any reason why grade-crossings should be left totally unprotected?

In the recent grade-crossing accident near Lakewood, on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, five persons were killed by a fast express train. The Coroner's Jury brought in the following verdict:

> We, the jury, have decided that the five people killed on the Whitesville crossing met their deaths through negligence of the Central Railroad of New Jersey through not properly guarding the crossing by flagman, signal or gate; also by obstructing the view by having cars placed on the side switch. We exonerate the train crew entirely.

The attention of the railway officers having been called to the circumstances they commented as follows, according to a dispatch in the New York "Times:"

> Under the laws of New Jersey the railroad was under no obligation at that crossing to ring the bell and blow the whistle. It was under no obligation to install gates or station a guard there. If there was necessity for gates or a watchman it was within the province of the State Public Utilities Commission to order them installed.

It certainly is within the province of the Public Utilities Commission to order some kind of adequate protection given to dangerous grade-crossings. If they can't be abolished, they must be protected.

Flivver-Flying Reported Safe

When the airplane becomes as safe as the automobile, people will "take to the air." When they begin to do that, mass production of airplanes will follow, the cost of planes will be brought down, and ultimately the man of average means may own and use a plane. This is the belief of Edsel Ford, expressed to President Coolidge at White Pine Camp. "The future of flying lies with multiple-engine planes," he said. He believes that relatively safe planes are now produced at the Ford plant. They are three-engine affairs, capable of carrying a thousand pounds of freight at a speed of eighty-five miles an hour. The present cost of such a plane is $37,000 but this could be almost immediately reduced by twenty-five per cent, Mr. Ford said, and ultimately would be low enough "to make air service profit-

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able without Government aid." The Ford planes are in commercial use by the company between Detroit, Chicago, and Cleveland, and have achieved a record of 98.3 per cent successfully completed flights.

President Coolidge, as has long been known, is intensely interested in the development of commercial aviation in the United States. No doubt he was gratified to learn that the Fords are ready to put a part of their resources into an enterprise designed to make—as Edsel Ford said—airplanes relatively as cheap as Ford automobiles have always been. Despite his belief that this can be done, the younger Ford is not an extreme optimist as to the future of the airplane. He sees its usefulness in quick and emergency trips, but does not believe that an airplane can be developed which would carry heavy loads profitably.

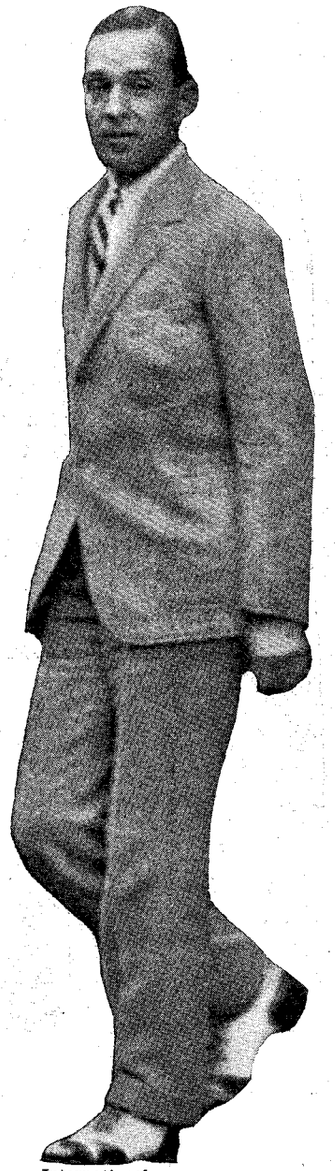
More Church Press Merging

THE Methodist "Christian Advocate" of New York, announces that it has absorbed the Washington "Christian Advocate," which has been published at the Nation's capital for half a century. It now joins the New York "Observer," the "Evangelist," the "Continent," "Christian Work," "Methodist Times," and "Northern Christian Advocate," all of which have disappeared within recent years. Yet churches grow and revivals ring successfully throughout the land. The crop of sinners is probably as large as it ever was. Possibly the trouble with the shrinking religious press may be that it is made too exclusive for those who have accepted the tenets of their faith and do not need to be told more about it.

California and Daylight Saving

"CALIFORNIA, of all places, should insist upon saving every hour of daylight possible for recreation, both for its own people and for the visitors who come here to the land of sunshine and flowers." So one of the leading dailies on the Pacific coast comments editorially on the movement now in progress to introduce daylight saving into California. Our correspondent in San Francisco reports that the question, still so largely unsettled both in the East and elsewhere throughout the country, has been definitely constituted a practical issue and that a resolution has been drawn up by the city of San Francisco urging upon the Legislature the advisability of enacting a law advancing the official time for the State one hour during the summer months.

Daylight saving was, of course, in force in California during the war, and it is not easy to see why it was allowed to lapse. So many of the objections urged against the practice in the East, especially by the farmer, do not obtain in California, where there are no rains to render the fields too wet to be worked



International
Edsel Ford

until the sun has been some time above the horizon, and where the lower latitudes render the hours of daylight shorter, anyhow.

However, the Daylight Saving Law went the way of many other war-time laws, and, curiously enough, there has been no vigorous agitation for its re-enactment until now. San Francisco is taking the lead in the matter, and, while it would be possible for the city to adopt daylight saving by ordinance, this would put San Francisco clocks out of harmony with the rest of the State, resulting in the same inconvenience which obtains in the case of so many cities in the East where independent action has been taken.

Save the Salmon

THE Salmon Protective Association of the Northwest, through Mr. Hugh C. Mitchell, has issued an appeal to the people of Oregon on behalf of conserving the sea salmon, now threatened by the damming or pollution of rivers where they come to spawn. "A great resource," he observes, "is being permitted to peter out. It is undervalued because it runs along each year and is utilized and enjoyed with the feeling that nature will function and will supply us with yearly returns and renewals, while our own indifference causes us to neglect to supplement and in many cases to supplant nature. No section of the United States has the resources of the Northwest—timber and fish. Timber is going, and we must act to save the fish."

It would appear that between one-third and one-half of the salmon sources in the Columbia River have been lost through the development of irrigation and hydroelectric projects. The streams best for salmon culture have been those most favored by industrial invasion.

"Slowly, but certainly," observes Mr Mitchell, "the advance of civilization creeps upon this territory, and unless the salmon in the Columbia River are zealously guarded the runs will be reduced to such an extent that the packing of fish will cease to be profitable."

The magnitude of the salmon industry may be understood by an examination of reliable reports of its operation. In all, 39,022,070 pounds of fish were taken from the waters of the Columbia River in Oregon and Washington last year. Idaho figures not available would swell this total. Approximately 35,000,000 pounds of fish were packed and the remaining 5,000,000 pounds were shipped as a fresh, frozen, or pickled product. The pack in Columbia River by cases for 1922 was 374,420; 1923, 468,873; 1924, 485,622; 1925, 540,452. The salmon fisheries annually bring into Oregon more than ten million dollars. Most of this is new money, coming from the markets of the world, and the greater part of it is kept in the State. Forty thousand people are dependent in a greater or less degree upon the future run of salmon. The warning so cogently stated by Mr. Mitchell should be heeded. On the North Atlantic coast we have destroyed our shad and salmon fisheries at

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a great public cost through neglect and pollution.

Romance or Fraud?

LAST year a searcher of newspaper files found indubitable proof that Longfellow's oft-recited ballad "The Wreck of the Hesperus" was pathos misplaced; instead of being dashed upon Norman's Woe with dire loss of life, she merely broke her bowsprit on a ship prosaically named William Badger.

Now comes another dispeller of romance and resolves the mystery of the Marie Celeste into just a plain lie. Fifty-four years ago the captain of the Dei Gratia towed the brig Marie Celeste into Gibraltar. He told a story that no one could explain then and no one seems to have doubted—that is until "Chambers Journal" published the other day the narrative of John Pemberton, seventy-seven years old, who says he was cook on the Marie Celeste and that the captain who collected salvage on the brig was a plain liar.

The captain's story, in part, of the vessel he found under full sail is summarized as follows by the New York "Herald Tribune:"

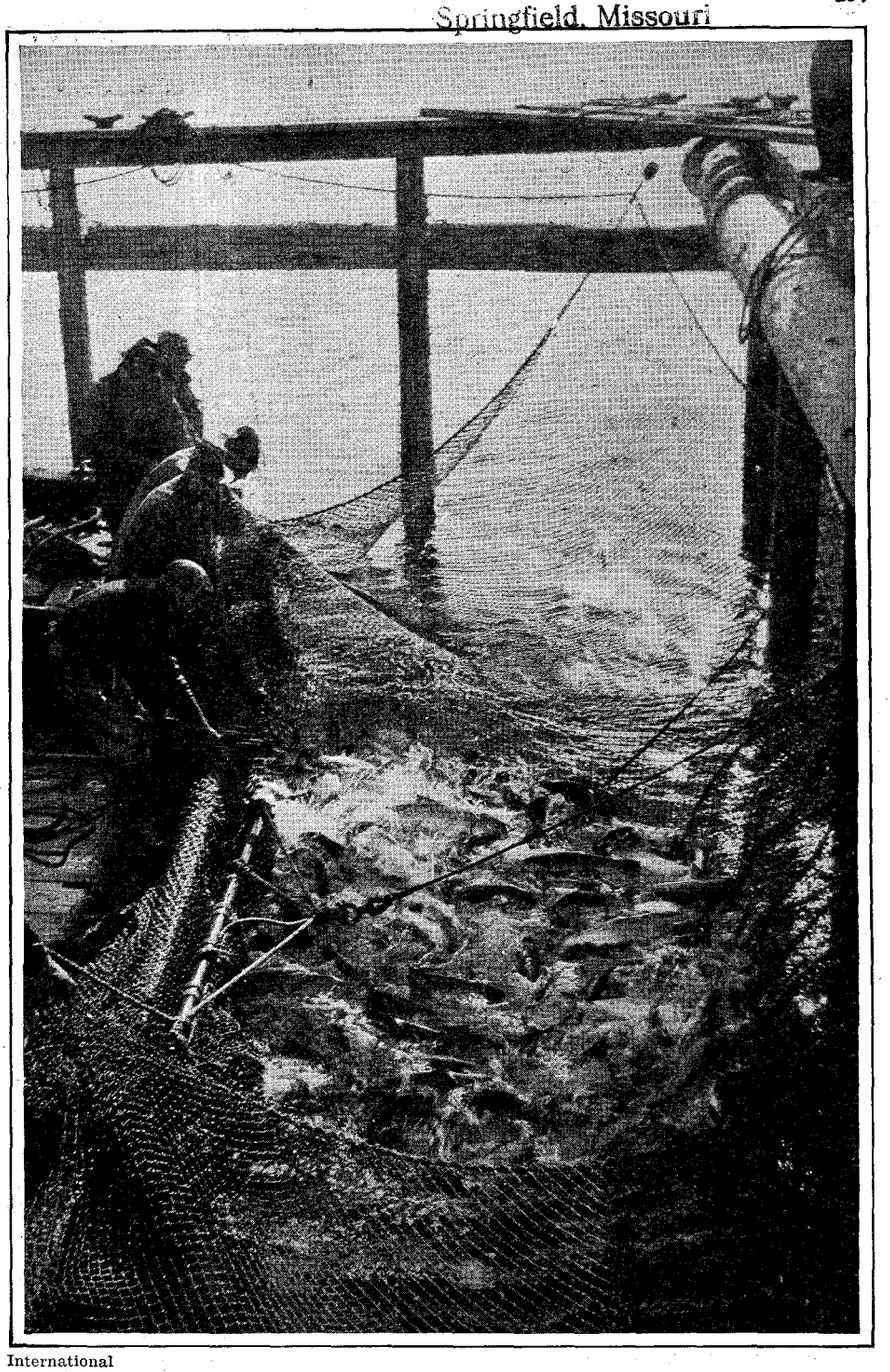
> He reported that there was not a man aboard; that there was no sign of trouble of any kind; that her boats were untouched; that there were five seamen's chests full of clothes in the forecastle, and that a meal was laid in the cabin. The galley stove was warm, though the fire had been raked out, and her cat was calmly asleep on a locker. There was no corpse aboard, no sign of any disturbance, no blood-stain. What had happened?

What Cook Pemberton says happened was that the captain of the Dei Gratia found four men aboard the Marie Celeste, including the cook; that three of them had previously sailed in the Dei Gratia and that with a weather eye on full salvage he suborned them to perjury and it got by. This is reprehensible but not romantic—that touch about the sleeping cat was genius.

Not to be outdone, however, John the Cook furnishes a harrowing movie-like tale of his own about what preceded—again we quote from the "Herald-Tribune's" version of Pemberton's tale:

> It seems that the captain's wife was musical and that she insisted on shipping her piano. The mate lashed the instrument fore and aft, but one day when the Marie Celeste heeled over suddenly the piano broke loose and crushed the captain's wife, who was playing it. The captain buried her at sea; hurled the piano overboard, then lost his senses and jumped overboard himself. The mate had a quarrel with one of the men, who accused him of helping in the captain's untimely end, and in the drunken scuffle which followed that man was drowned, too. Finally, the Marie Celeste made the port of Santa Marta, where the mate, the boatswain and one of the remaining crew deserted, leaving the ship to continue on her way with the cook and the three men who had been lent from the Dei Gratia. These three knew that their old ship would soon be due at Gibraltar and decided to wait around on the chance of meeting her.

Verily, they who go down into the deep waters see, or say they see, great wonders! But it is a pity to destroy a perfectly good and insoluble mystery and leave in its place a sordid fraud. We hope John's story isn't true.



International

A haul of salmon on the Columbia River

Israel Zangwill

OF late years Israel Zangwill, who died in England on the first day of this month, has been best known by his plays and by his advocacy (always ardent but not always well advised) of Zionism, which in his last years he believed could not be political nor confined to the founding of a Jewish kingdom in Palestine but should be largely moral and should find its physical centers in Jewish settlement wherever there was favorable opportunity.

But a generation ago Zangwill gained his first hearing by the charm, humor,

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and character-presentation of his stories. "The King of the Schnorrers," "The Children of the Ghetto" (written, it is said, on commission for an American publisher) and such moving tales as "A Rose of the Ghetto" and "A Tragedy of Creeds" (the latter was once republished in The Outlook among a series of famous short stories) are all very well worth reading. As a highly humorous and yet photographic picture of modern Ghetto life "The King of the Schnorrers" is really inimitable. Of his plays "The Melting Pot" is best known because its title has become a familiar phrase in the English language, but at least equally successful was the play made from his "Children of the Ghetto" and his "Merely Mary Ann."

As a controversialist Zangwill was not judicious or restrained and in his extreme utterances he more than once antagonized other leaders of his race and religion. Self-educated in his early years, he obtained by examinations a degree with honor from the London. University and his literary and dramatic career was preceded by activities as a teacher and author.

Within a year of his death Mr. Zangwill wrote an article entitled "When I am Dead" which was accepted for publication by The Outlook and which appears in this issue.

The Last Horizon

ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S last message to the world is published in this issue of The Outlook.

The mysteries of life and death which he struggled to encompass and comprehend are as ancient as mankind. Wherever there has been life and love, suffering and hope, victory or despair, there has ascended to the Heavens a cry for knowledge, a prayer for understanding. The great search has been the power that has lifted mankind from the jungles. It is the one insatiable desire.

Poets, priests, and philosophers have traversed the ancient horizons, have set their standards upon new frontiers. But always and forever, beyond their furthest advances, has lain a land which faith alone could illumine and barriers only to be surmounted by the shadowy feet of human hopes.

There have been those whose eyes have glimpsed, beyond the ultimate mountains, the lofty turrets of cities and the gleam of sunny plains. There have been those who have felt in their hearts that over the last line of hills lay only a timeless void. Yet those who have spoken face to face with God and those who have heard no echo to their cries have alike lived with courage and died without fear. Deeper than rationalism, profounder than any philosophy, has been the urge within the human breast to meet what life has brought and death might bring as soldiers meet the perils of a great crusade.

"Hundred Per Cents" Abroad

TOO many Americans regard Europe as a sort of trans-Atlantic Luna Park. And some of us actually behave abroad as if Belgium and France, Germany and Holland, Italy and Spain were merely huge amusement grounds designed for the diversion of visitors from the United States. We ride on the scenic railways of Switzerland, "do" Venice in a gondola, motor through the chateau towns of Normandy, take a steamer ride past the castles of the Rhine, and grin at the wide-trousered, wooden-shoed folks on the Island of Marken—and return to hotels where the desk clerks talk English, with an idea that after we have left all the militiamen and gondoliers and peasants and fishermen take off their costumes and go home for supper to some tenement suburb. Real life, we seem to think, goes on in the United States; the rest of the world is a funny show.

How long would it be before the average "hundred per cent American" punched somebody's nose, if parties of tourists periodically paraded down his Main Street exclaiming: "Isn't it quaint?" (Always supposing there was a street in his home town that would call forth such an exclamation.)

With the American people more fortunately situated at the moment than any other people on earth, with nearly all Europe owing us money, and with the dollar able to purchase five or ten or twenty times its usual equivalent in foreign currencies, the aggravation of bad American manners abroad is worse. Inevitable resentment of Americans—just the sort of resentment we ourselves would feel and vent in a similar situation—has been expressed all over Europe. In Paris, recently, while the press and Parliament have been discussing the terms of the war debt settlement between France and the United States, this resentment has taken violent forms. Crowds in Paris have surrounded and stopped parties of American sightseers, jeered and spit at them, and even roughhandled some of them. The Americans naturally have felt themselves much aggrieved. And in many cases undoubtedly the individuals assaulted were innocent of any offense. They were paying a penalty for the ill-mannered conduct of other compatriots.

Where there is so much agitation, there must be some cause. The acute correspondent in France of the New York "Times," Edwin L. James, cables that the phrase causing most irritation to Frenchmen nowadays is "How much is that in real money?" It is a phrase that bristles with certain unpleasant American characteristics, brusque, thoughtless, hasty. It is used frequently to shopkeepers, restaurant proprietors, hotel managers, travel agents, interpreters—almost anyone with whom Americans abroad have to do business. Any American in Europe can hear his compatriots using it heedlessly and loudly. To the American the phrase simply expresses his humorously indifferent attitude toward an unfamiliar currency which has lost much of its exchange value. To a Frenchman it means an insult to his pride in his country, in terms of ridicule of the means of livelihood for which he works and with which he pays for the needs of his family in a land where living costs are between four and five times what they were before the war.

President Coolidge was well-advised in attributing the anti-American demonstrations in France mainly to irresponsible American tourists, and in rebuking them and asking the countries they visit to be as lenient in judging Americans as he asks Americans to be in judging countries suffering from the effects of the war. There are Americans, he pointed out, who have a sympathetic understanding of the position of other peoples and an appreciation of the amenities that prevail in good society. The bumptious boor abroad with a bankroll does not represent the real underlying attitude of the United States. Such an individual needs to be disciplined by other Americans when they meet him on foreign soil, and if he gets a few unpleasant jolts to teach him that Europeans are entitled to consideration as well as Americans, only good will be done. It is regrettable, and inevitable, that the irritation he causes

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should be reflected towards all Americans. But this phase of the situation will pass, and should not be taken overseriously. Meanwhile, those of us who go abroad will have had a valuable reminder as to some points in the etiquette of being a guest in another land.

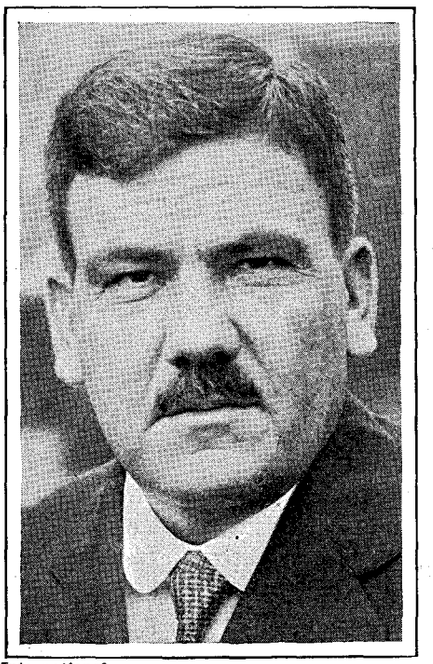
An Ancient Conflict

AN account of the labor parade of August 1 in Mexico City in support of President Calles's attitude toward the Catholic church asserts that probably eighty per cent of the paraders were Catholics. Why should this be so? The answer goes to the basal nature of the trouble.

The ecclesiastic influence in Mexico has always been politically on the reactionary side. It has never encouraged or sympathized with the efforts to make the peons something more than toilers who do the hard work of the country and get nothing in return but scanty food and clothing and huts to live in. Madero, nominally a conservative but a democrat at heart, tried to get land and education for the Indian and half-breed Mexicans, and failed. Others have made that cause a political slogan but little has been accomplished. President Calles is a radical, courts the support of organized and unorganized labor and asserts that the Church wants to keep the peon down and exerts itself to that end politically. He is quoted as saying: "We have no quarrel with religion. We have no quarrel with the Catholic faith, nor the Protestant. Our quarrel is with the foreign-imposed hierarchy, which for four hundred years has always been on the side of tyranny and ignorance and oppression." He considers that the Church is allied against progress with the great landowners (whose tenure is often based on former military or political services), with the foreign and native concessionaries, and with the idle, unproductive rich.

On the other hand the Church with some reason asserts that it is willing to submit even to unjust laws but that the present Government has gone beyond its constitutional rights and has interfered in matters which are not political or governmental, such as the size of bishoprics, the dress of the priests, and the internal management of the churches. The church officials deny emphatically that they are interfering in politics, ask for a national plebiscite on the issues involved and declare that they are willing to accept any solution that may save public liberties and not be disloyal to the Government.

As to what the Government has done



International

President Calles

which has led the Church to discontinue the sacraments in the churches, to encourage their people to refrain from buying goods, to institute a world-wide campaign of prayer accounts differ and are contradictory. What the Mexican laws now promulgated to enforce the latent ownership of the churches are, is stated by the Secretary of Foreign Affairs for Mexico, Mr. Aaron Saenz, in an article in the New York "World" as follows:

(a) Complete separation between church and state.

(b) That none but Mexicans may be ministers of a cult in Mexico.

(c) That elementary, primary education must be non-sectarian in Mexico, which does not preclude the existence of high schools where religion may be taught or professional schools like seminaries, etc., for the exclusive teaching of religion.

(d) That neither convents nor any of the other religious organizations forbidden in Mexico since the time of President Juarez shall be permitted.

(e) That only elementary primary schools shall not be in charge of priests but of professional teachers.

Obviously the situation is one for mutual concession and compromise and as we write there are indications of a movement in that direction.

All who are well informed about Mexican conditions know that it will be a long and difficult task to educate and improve the masses to a point where they can exercise self-government wisely. Meanwhile the world must be patient with outbursts of ill feeling, the ever-present danger of revolution and the quarrelsome habit of mind of Mexico toward other peoples. If there is a remedy, it lies in the hands of time.

John Jacob Astor

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IN this Sesqui-centennial Year, in which is being celebrated the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence and the hundredth anniversary of the death of its author, it is appropriate that there should be a revival of interest in the history of the Northwest. For we owe that vast, valuable and progressive section of our country largely to Thomas Jefferson. By the Louisiana Purchase he added it to the territory of the United States and by the Lewis and Clark Expedition he prepared the way for its settlement.

A group of historical writers and students, organized by President Ralph Budd of the Great Northern Railway, has just completed a journey from Chicago to the Pacific Coast and return, on a special train of the Great Northern, to visit various points in North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon made historic by the early French, British, and American pioneers. Nothing in the travels of the Venetian, Marco Polo, or the Arabian, Ibn Batuta, is more thrilling or adventurous than the exploits, discoveries and records of these pioneers. They deserve the monuments which were dedicated in their honor by the co-operation of various municipalities, Mr. Budd and the historical party that traveled under his auspices. Here there is space to speak of only one—the beautiful column, one hundred and twenty-five feet high and erected on Coxcomb Hill in Astoria at the mouth of the noble Columbia River. This shaft,

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which in form and sculpture is one of the notable monuments of the United States, commemorates the discovery of the Columbia by the Bostonian, Captain Robert Gray, the explorations of Lewis and Clark and the achievements of John Jacob Astor who founded Astoria more than a hundred years ago.

The name of John Jacob Astor forms a romantic link between the little city of Astoria on the Pacific and the megalocephalous city of New York on the Atlantic. New Yorkers are too often forgetful of the part their city played in the winning of the west. As a loyal native of this no mean city (to use the Pauline phrase) I gladly seize this opportunity to sketch the pioneer achievements of one of its really great citizens. Those who are interested will find them narrated in vivid detail by a great New York author, Washington Irving.

As early as 1796 the Government of the United States began to look with disquiet at the growing domination by the Canadians and British of the fur trade and its Western territory. It therefore sent out agents to establish trading-posts on the frontier. "The expedition," says Washington Irving in language which well may be taken to heart to-day, "was unsuccessful as most commercial expedients are prone to be where the dull patronage of government is counted upon to outvie the keen activity of private enterprise. What government failed to effect, with all its patronage and all its agents, was at length brought about by the enterprise and perseverence of a single merchant, one of its adopted citizens."

This man was John Jacob Astor, born in 1763 in the little German village of Waldorf on the Rhine. Thus three great and noble rivers figure prominently in his career—the Rhine, the Hudson, and the Columbia. He migrated to London where he was for a time engaged in the business of making and selling musical instruments, and one of the most famous of English pianos still bears the name of one of the partners of his firm. Pushing on with the spirit of a pioneer Astor brought his little savings to New York in 1784 at the close of the Revolution. A chance acquaintance, who was his fellow passenger on the sailing vessel in which he crossed the Atlantic, suggested that he invest his tiny capital in the fur trade. Astor accepted the suggestion, and traveled between New York, Montreal, and London in the prosecution of his merchandising. By the time he was forty he had accumulated a fortune, enormous for those days, of at least a million dollars. This sum he used in organizing the Pacific Fur Company, the object of which was to establish on the Pacific coast a trading post and colony from which, as a center, the fur trade could be carried on with the Atlantic seaboard and the Orient. To do this he sent out one expedition overland from St. Louis and another by sea around the Horn in a little vessel, the Tonquin, of only two hundred and ninety tons burden.

The passenger who crosses the Atlantic or the Pacific to-day on a twenty-thousand-ton steamer has little conception of the courage and virility required for such ocean pioneering as that of the Tonquin. In spite of her diminutive size she carried a crew of twenty-four of Mr. Astor's partners, twelve clerks, several artisans, thirteen Canadian *voyageurs* and all the necessary supplies for founding a colony. Surmounting incredible obstacles both expeditions finally reached the mouth of the Columbia River and Astoria was painfully established and named in honor "of the projector and supporter of the whole enterprise." But the project was overwhelmed with catastrophes. The Tonquin was blown up in a fight with the Indians, Astor's timorous partners sold the establishment and its valuable furs for a third of their value to British competitors, and the entire region fell into the hands of the British during the War of 1812.

The loss of Astoria was happily temporary, but it is a good illustration of the slowness of our National Government to appreciate a good thing when it sees it. Jefferson and Madison did not give the enterprise much more than their cordial approbation. They were fearful of the constitutional complications involved and Astor did not receive the slight military protection which he asked for.

Now no one is a more ardent constitutionalist than I am. The Constitution is the very cornerstone of the Republic. Haphazard tinkering with it or impulsive disregard of it is a sure road to disaster. There come, however, crises in our national life when a President must brave the criticisms of the technical constructionists and act for the national welfare. The Louisiana Purchase, if not unconstitutional, was certainly extra-constitutional; but it was one of the finest and most beneficent of Jefferson's achievements. The constitutionality of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation has been seriously questioned by theorisers in government; but who would wish to have it expunged from the record. Some of those who enjoy and profit by the Panama Canal assert that it is the child of constitutional illegitimacy; Roosevelt, however, wisely said that he preferred to dig the Canal and have the constitutionality of his act debated for two centuries rather than postpone its construction while the country spent two centuries in arguing about the constitutional technicalities involved. That the soil on which Astoria stands to-day finally became American soil is a blessing for which we do not owe any overwhelming debt of gratitude to the National Government of that early era of the Republic. Perhaps no more could have been expected of that government than it accomplished. It was young, inexperienced, struggling with unprecedented problems, and in those days of rudimentary transportation and communication Astoria was, so far as time and space are concerned, literally on the other side of the world from Washington. But it is fair to say that all Americans owe a great debt of gratitude to the merchant prince of New York, through whose vision, persistence, and patriotism the standard of political and social civilization was first planted on the banks of the Columbia.

It is too often the custom, at least among New Yorkers, to regard the name of Astor as merely a synonym of accumulated wealth. This is an injustice. John Jacob Astor was truly a pioneer and a patriot. When warned by his agents of the dangers and obstacles that threatened his enterprise and might mean the loss of his fortune, he replied:

> Were I on the spot and had the management of affairs I would defy them all; but as it is, every thing depends upon you and your friends about you. Our enterprise is grand, and deserves success, and I hope in God it will meet it. If my object was merely gain of money I should say to you, "think whether it is best to save what we can and abandon the place;" but the very idea is like a dagger to my heart.

These are not the words of a sordid trader. They express the heartfelt sentiment of an American who wished to see his country grow in strength, stature, and character. So may it be said of all of us, when our turn comes to pass off the stage, whether we live on the banks of the Hudson or the banks of the Columbia.

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Church and State in Mexico[1]

By José Miguel Bejarano

PERNICIOUS as may be regarded the conduct and influence in Mexico of the Roman Catholic Church when considered as an international political organization, and although many people—nearly every one of Mexico's present political and social leaders included—are inclined to believe that the Roman Catholic religion, together with all the other old-fashioned religions developed in a pre-scientific age, has outlived its usefulness, it is not necessary to go very deep into the controversy which is placing Mexico once more on trial before the world, to realize that the present difficulties are merely the superficial manifestations of a local political struggle.

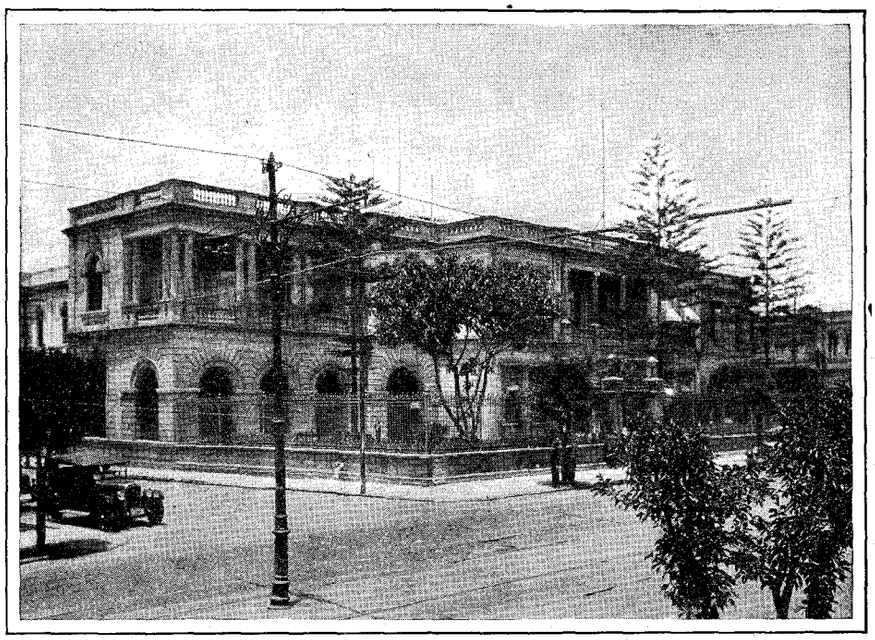
Substantially, the two political factions that are contending now in Mexico for the control of the country are the same political factions which became factors in the national life of Mexico when the country became independent in 1821. Even at that time they were the continuation of two opposing forces which developed during the colonial period and which have been manifesting themselves in every country and in every community since social life began: conservatism and evolution.

The conservatives entrench themselves in tradition, custom, and established social and scientific principles; they find religion a bulwark and a cloak, making it a refuge in case of trouble and a disguise under which to hide their worldly purposes.

The liberals, progressives or radicals in their struggle against conservatism, sometimes willingly but more often reluctantly, direct their attacks against religion also, as a fortress behind which their enemies shelter.

Pure religion is not what the Catholics in Mexico have in mind in their collective struggles, and history proves that they are willing to sacrifice its tenets for the sake of personal political ambitions. The Catholic Church as an international political institution and the Christian Religion as a universal code of morals are the main sufferers in this contention between two groups, neither one of which has either true religion or Rome very much at heart.

The Constitution of 1917, the Reform Laws of 1859 and even the Constitution of 1857 were not being rigidly enforced in Mexico prior to February, 1926, when the reactionary element of Mexico which was suffering by the enforcement of radical, economic, and social legislation brought about by President Calles, succeeded in luring the Catholic hierarchy into denouncing the laws of Mexico as "wicked."



The Home of the Mexican Department of the Interior—it is this branch of the Mexican Government that is charged with enforcing her Church Laws

It is interesting, however, to observe that the Pope in Rome, although condemning the present legislation of Mexico, instructed his flock to *keep aloof* and to use the only means within the dignity of Catholics such as patience and prayer.

The occasion and advisability of his Apostolic Letter are decidedly doubtful. What was the use of denouncing laws that theoretically were in force but which were not enforced in practice?

The best proof that the officials of the Catholic Church in Mexico are simply the tools of the enemies of the present administration is that they were lured into the blunder of going beyond the instructions from Rome; as is said in Spanish, they proved to be more popish than the Pope. Once on the downward slide there has been no limit to the folly of their measures until as an extreme resource the Bishops have seen fit to declare a *strike*, which the Holy See, if it wants to preserve its dignity and self-respect, may probably have to disown.

The actual strength of the ties connecting Rome with the so-called Catholic Party in Mexico is very much to be doubted, even more so is the statement that Rome wants to control Mexico to use it as a basis for a campaign of proselytism in the United States. This may prove as unfounded as a similar statement to the effect that Moscow wants to use Mexico as a basis for Soviet propaganda in the United States.

The arguments used by the Bishops against the government are weak and unsustainable. They may be used for a short-lived struggle to mystify the ignorant; but they do not stand investigation.

Even if the laws of Mexico as they are at the present moment are rigidly enforced the Roman Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic religion could live and develop in Mexico without any hindrance, but they can not serve as heretofore as the tool of irreligious, hypocritical and greedy politicians to bully the Mexican people. If Rome permits their representatives in Mexico to use religion as a cloak to cover their movements to control the political machinery of Mexico, Rome will be the principal sufferer.

An end to the present difficulties is visible, according to recent dispatches to the effect that the Bishops are asking for a truce. Although this has been refused, new overtures from the same source will probably follow. The Mexican Government has been prudent in not making the strike a lockout.

The immediate consequences of the controversy have been a very much needed publicity for Mexico. When the scaffolding of calumny and propaganda collapses many people will behold for the first time in their lives a structure the soundness and beauty of which will prove a revelation.

[1] This article presents the views of the Mexican Government. Next week we will publish an article from a Catholic source.

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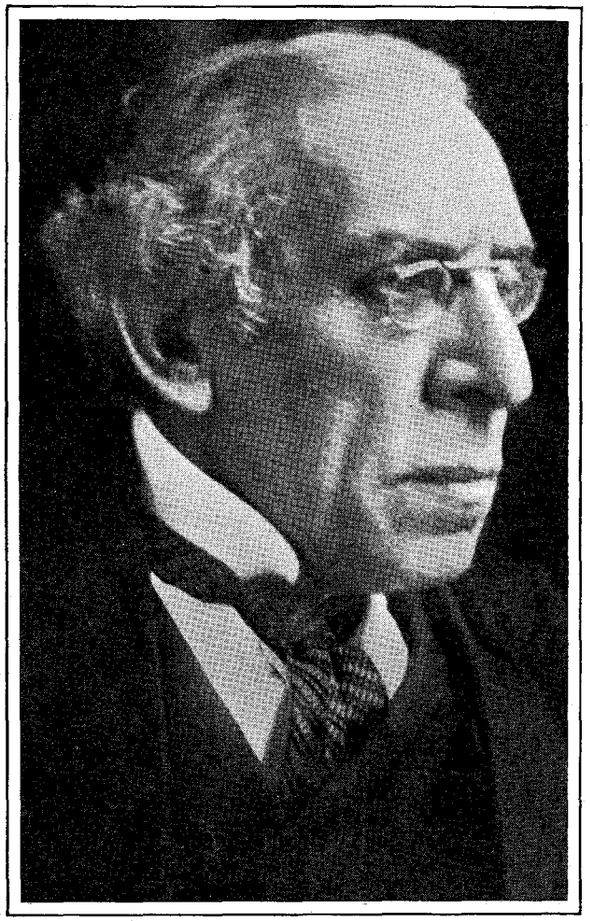
When I am Dead

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL



Keystone

Israel Zangwill
Born
February 14, 1864
Died
August 1, 1926

THIS day they are burying my oldest friend, passed peacefully beyond Time in his sleep, but it finds me in the restful musty atmosphere of a country cottage, relieved to be out of earshot of the funeral service, whose roseate assertions would have arrided him. "No flowers of speech by request," he would have urged in his Yorick fashion. In truth, he had died long ago, for in the half-century I knew him his spirit had made no millimeter of progress, and what would æons avail?

As I lie on the horsehair sofa under the ancient beams, amid the congestion of furniture and ornaments, the grandfather's clock ticks on as though time were real, Puss purrs upon the many-colored rag mat like a feline Pippa, while from the untidy little garden where foxglove nods to currant bush and Michaelmas daisies vie with cabbages, the robins and sparrows on the apple trees, secure from her claws, indorse her Browningesque optimism. Only the pair of hutched rabbits stare sadly at the trinity of scraggy hens in their wired prison. But the apples, stored on the blue-tasseled mantel-cloth and guarded by the pack of china dogs, seem a reassurance of kindly nature and a reminder of Meredith's couplet,

> Into the lap which gave the rose
> Shall I with shuddering fall?

The reassurance is repeated pictorially in the overplus of texts and pictures and verbally in the Victorian volumes on the pious book-shelves. Here they stand, all the old favorites: "The Wide, Wide World," "The Old Helmet," "The Flower of the Family," "Stepping Heavenward." What better adjuvant to meditation on mortality! Here be even "Todd's Sunday School Teacher" and a bound broken-backed volume of "The Day of Rest" (vintage of '75), opening oddly enough on a study of "Miracle and Conscience" by a defunct Master of the Temple—my own London home. Alas, Miracle and Conscience are alike to seek nowadays, and the money-changers are nearer and more numerous than in '75! I remember a tract thrust into my hand just about that year with the exhortation, "Put your head between your hands upon your knees and ask yourself the solemn question, 'Where shall I spend Eternity?' " I do not attempt this gymnastic attitude—what would the landlady think?—but I do gaze at the wretched wood engraving of "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," with its wailing Jews, its dismal flute-players, and that patient Son of Man who confused his own teaching by therapeutics. And I skim the pages of "Stepping Heavenward," surprised to find it a "flapper's" diary. But, oh, with what a difference from Marie Bashkirtseff the damsel wears her rue! It almost makes one yearn with Wordsworth for—

> The homely beauty of the good old cause,
> And pure religion-breathing household laws.

What weighs on this young soul is her snuggling between the warm sheets when the bell clangs for prayers—hers is "a home that typifies and foreshadows the home that is perfect and eternal," and "over it hovers the peace of God." When finally she is purged of her girlish gayety and finds Christ, she loves everything—from man to flower—and is equally ready to work for Christ or to die in his arms. And millions of girls, long since "like chimney-sweepers come to dust," must have absorbed her book with shining eyes, feeling themselves at one with her and Christ and the love eternal.

It all touches me far more than the equal illusions of modern science. For science is no less phantasmal. The universe is as incomprehensible to man as Epstein to his disciples, and no proposition anent it is more than a fleeting formula. Yet reason will not be denied, and though the world in which we live and move and have our banal being is assuredly a spiritual cosmos, yet it offers no ascertainable guaranty that the individual life shares its eternity. Those sparrows on the apple tree will doubtless escape the cat on the rag mat and breed like the hutched rabbits, but death in other forms lurks ineluctable. The scraggy hens too will be scragged, the rabbits will attain no eternal lettuce-land, and Puss herself will find even her nine lives flit like a shadow. And the peculiar gallinaceousness, the passerinity, felinity, or lapinity of all these creatures will dissolve, never to re-form identically. Nay, in astronomic time all these four species will be as extinct as the miniature horse or the cumbrous ichthyosaurus. Nor, as Job and Ecclesiastes lamented millennia ago, does man's end exhibit any predominance over the beast's. To be born, to struggle, to enjoy, to breed, to die—there is the natural life cycle, and to arrogate eternal existence to every

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overlain bastard is to play with realities and to confound misticism with mysticism. Why do we deny life's tragic background? Long before Freud, Tacitus supplied the answer: *"Populus vult decipi et decipitur."* The sellers of dreams are ever best-sellers. It is characteristic that the only modern novelist on these moldy shelves is a lady advertised by her publishers as the "wish-come-true novelist." But the thought to which the wish is father is illegitimately begotten. The fear of death is the beginning of folly.

Am I shocking the bishops? But religion is the one subject on which professional opinion is valueless. Even so devout a Christian as Gladstone suggested that men were not immortal but immortalizable. And Emerson, with all his transcendentalism, could not escape asking, "Shall we build magnificently for mice?"

And there is another aspect. Sarah Bernhardt said to me, at a gay supper party: *"Si je croyais que je ne mourrais jamais, je me suiciderais. . . . Oui, c'est un peu paradoxal!"* Paradoxical, indeed! If she believed she would never die, she would commit suicide! That thought of hers gave me my first respect for this flamboyant female. She had worked out for herself the tragedy of the Wandering Jew, possibly because she was herself a wandering Jewess. Who, indeed, but a God self-doomed could confront infinite insomnia? Assuredly not the hordes of eaters who need jazz music to cover their emptiness. This generation has forgotten Coulson Kernahan's profound parable of "The Lonely God," though it has had the cozy compensations of limitation brought home to it in a beautiful story of O. Henry's whereof the theme is a girl's agoraphobia of stellar space. Possibly Swinburne was not the Master Shallow of Mr. Squire's recent denigration when the greatest singer in our English speech wrote that lovely grace for Death:

> We thank with brief thanksgiving
> Whatever gods may be,
> That no life lives forever,
> That dead men rise up never,
> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea.

In truth, except for the Mussulman soldier whose heaven is a harem and whose eternity a perpetual polygamy, does anybody really believe in resurrection? The mere blackness of our mourning garments is a confession of unfaith. Practice is dead against our profession of life eternal. Listen to the chatter in the funeral coaches and note how life goes on, undeflected by the gorgeous liturgy of the grave. Shelley, with pseudo-sublimity, pretended that life was a dome of many-colored glass staining the white radiance of eternity, and that if we would be what we seek we must die. But we all feel instinctively that to die is to be robbed of all; whence otherwise this clamor against capital punishment? Why else is suicide—as Gilbert put it—a capital crime? Why else what Matthew Arnold called "this bloodthirsty clinging to life"?

Except when patriotism riots in mass murder, homicide never loses the sinister aura which Dickens expressed for us. To keep people from paradise doctors actually prolong their tortures on earth, with a conscientious cruelty from which animals are happily immune. But even doctors cannot keep a man forever on the rack, though when at last he evades their attempts to force the hand of Providence, he is buried or burned with a devout acquiescence in its decrees.

So keen nevertheless is the human craving for after-life or for the rejoining of our beloved dead that Tennyson comically threatened suicide if men were but "cunning casts in clay," while that lifelong skeptic, John Stuart Mill, wondered wistfully whether nature, which had done so much for us, might not do more. (The Georgians must forgive me for citing all these faded Victorians, but they seem so much more distinguished and sincere than the squirearchy of today.) And that later Freethinker, M. Guyau, wound up his brilliant book on "The Irreligion of the Future" by suggesting that at the moment of death nature might be reserving for us some pleasant surprise. Personally, I should be surprised at nothing—unless I found the Spiritualists in the right and myself at the beck and call of every illiterate medium or revolving table. Eternity itself seems too short for spelling out one's ideas letter by letter, and, though my obituary notices will doubtless be as inaccurate as my dramatic, I shall certainly not tap to the papers. Indeed, if the after-life were the insubstantial apery of the present which Conan Doyle gloats over, we should have a thin time. The whole conception reminds me of the "near beer" they have invented in America to comfort the thirsting.

It is too often forgotten that an after-life is no more proof of the existence of a God than the present life. One might go through as many mutations as the poor persevering insects of Fabre without getting any nearer a God or the explanation that is owing us. The butterfly might be as reasonably agnostic as the grub, and eternal life might be man's crowning calamity. But the analogy from entomology is far from convincing, since the creature under metamorphosis does not undergo the humiliating dotage that befell even an Emerson and a Kant. Nor do I see that humanity is the better for this belief. On the contrary, the kingdom of God might come the sooner on earth if men were less racially anxious to send their rivals to Kingdom Come, if they felt that here is the place "where in the end we find our happiness or not at all." Even a Methuselah's life is no more an index of quality than the long run of a play. For, as Ben Jonson told us, "in short circles life may perfect be." There seems nothing recorded about old Parr except his longevity.

Is there not, in sooth, a certain insolence in this demand for immortality? We might as well demand it retrospectively and grizzle at our absence from the ice age or the Athens of Pericles. Even the faith that moves mountains will scarcely suffice to remove the Alps that bar the belief in at least bodily uprising. No conception of life outside our body is possible to us, though large portions of it—such as teeth, hair, eyes, ears, noses, and limbs—are obviously dispensable, not to mention brains. Campbell anticipated Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" when he wrote, "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." That seems our one real hope of survival. And as for the more literal form of spiritual survival, what possible reunion can there be, say, between a father who dies at twenty and a son who lives to be an octogenarian? It were nobler for humanity to face the fact that the only reward of goodness may be goodness and the only punishment for evil may be wickedness. True, in the infinitude of worlds there is room for every creature that has ever crawled, from lice to lap-dogs, from cats to critics. But, though immortality be not impossible, man ought to live as if this existence were his all-in-all. Samuel Butler—the theological Butler—taught us that the guide to life is probability. Moreover, too much time is as bad for us as too much money. Infinity is insufficient for the day. We must work while the light holds, for behold the night cometh wherein no man can work. In the ancient hagiology of my race—the Old Testament, to wit—from which I have borrowed this high sentiment, I find much about God and the world, and little about a future state. The old faith got cumbered up with alien doctrines picked up from weaker and less stoical peoples, but it still embraces no prayer for the dead save the magnification of the eternal, and its last word, as the clods fall on the coffin, is "May he come to his place in peace!" For, as Shakespeare feared,

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

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Vultures of Trade

By GEORGE WITTEN

THE city drowsed in the swelter of an August heat wave. Picture houses and theaters had closed for the night; a few straggling out-of-town sightseers still hung around the cabarets, hunting for the city's noted excitement. The city dwellers themselves had gone to the country for the week-end, or, if unable to get away, were trying to sleep near open windows that let only stifling air into muggy apartments. The firemen on duty at the engine-house wiped the sweat from their eyes and gazed drearily down the deserted street.

Then, clang! The alarm sounded, and in a few moments the engines were rolling along the unobstructed avenue, where only a few owl taxis blinked near the curbs.

An old three-story building with a jobbing firm downstairs and two tenement floors above was a roaring furnace belching tongues of flame and spitting suffocating gusts of hot air into the stifling night. The firemen staggered under the double intensity of the heat as they rescued helpless tenants from the upper floors and worked to stop the flames from spreading to other houses. Men, women, and children, overcome by the putrid atmosphere from which they were dragged, were loaded into ambulances and rushed to hospitals, where three of them and two firemen died in the agony of congested lungs seared by smoke and flames.

As the sultry dawn broke over the city the weary firemen gathered up their hose and tackle from around the charred shell that was all that was left of the building.

IN the breakfast car of an Atlantic City train speeding to the city on the same morning two swarthy-faced gentlemen loitered over their late morning meal with two highly painted, overdressed golden-haired girls. They were a merry party; the men were happy in the thought of some secret financial success, and had spent lavishly on the girls during their week-end together at the seaside. The thought of returning to the sweltering city held no terror for them. They took a taxi and ordered the driver to their place of business, which was the jobbing house that had been destroyed during the early hours of the morning.

At sight of the charred, crumbling mass their merry mood vanished and they shrieked in wails of misery. They were ruined! Everything they had was gone! People passing gathered in a sympathetic crowd and offered condolence to the unfortunate men who had been burned out of all they possessed. But the law is stern, and, in spite of their sorrow, they were brought before the chief detective of the arson squad for questioning. Here they were grilled for hours, but their story was without flaw. They had left their place of business on Saturday night and taken a late train for Atlantic City, and knew nothing of the fire until they returned on Monday morning to find everything gone. No, they had had no business trouble, and had been doing unusually well; so well, indeed, that they had just taken in a fresh supply of goods and had been making plans for expanding into a larger business. Their firm name, Gross & Levison, had a good rating, and everything appeared to be in order. Unfortunately, their books had been destroyed, like everything else.

When the police were through with them, Gross and Levison submitted to severe questioning by the fire insurance adjusters, and then by the fire commissioner; but nothing could be found to lay blame upon them, and they were allowed to go their way exonerated. They filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy; a receiver was appointed, the insurance collected, and their creditors paid three cents on the dollar. Claims to the amount of $200,000 were filed against them, and it was found that they had recently bought large shipments on sixty and ninety days' credit. As far as the authorities were concerned, the incident was closed and the bankrupts left to their own devices.

Their nerves must have been badly shattered by the ordeal they had passed through, for they gathered up their golden-haired friends and repaired to Atlantic City for rest and quiet, where they engaged elaborate adjoining suites at a beach-front hotel. They spent the daytime in the surf or lolling in rolling-chairs on the boardwalk, and their evenings at the cabarets drinking and dancing; they had to do something to forget the great shock they had suffered.

There is always a fly in the ointment, and in the case of Gross & Levison there were several flies in the shape of creditors who were not willing to leave well enough alone, but had to go prodding around and muck-raking where the authorities had found nothing wrong. These nosey creditors took their troubles to the National Association of Credit Men.

There wasn't much evidence to go on. An inspection of the ground showed only a charred heap of ruins that workmen were busy clearing away. The former tenants of the upper floors were scattered, and were located only with great difficulty; and most of these, when found, were too stupid to give much information. Finally a crippled boy, who had lived in the front apartment just above the store and spent most of his weary hours looking out of the window, was located. Watching the big trucks come up to the store and unload great packing-cases always made a break in the monotony of things that happened within the limited scope of his vision. Questioning developed the fact that for several weeks just before the fire the boy had seen no trucks unloading, and had been disappointed that even this little diversion should have been taken from him. Here was the first real evidence found, though it was negative. No shipments had come to the store for several weeks, yet Gross & Levison had placed a number of large orders. Where had these orders gone?

Then followed the long and tedious task of tracing shipments. An exhaustive search and questioning among railroad employees disclosed the fact that all of the $200,000 worth of goods had been reshipped to Houston, Texas, without ever having reached the jobbing house. A detective was sent to Houston to locate the goods, and another man set to watch the movements of Gross and Levison.

LATE in September, when the sea breezes began to grow chill, these two gentlemen sent their golden-haired playmates back to the city and took train themselves for Texas. Under the firm name of Golden & Markowitz they opened a "gents'" retail furnishing store in Houston, and announced through display advertising in the local papers a sale with prices below anything that had been heard of since pre-war days, explaining in large letters that they were doing this to introduce themselves and establish a business in Houston.

"How do they sell so cheap?" was the question asked repeatedly by people waiting in the crowd that had gathered outside the store on the opening day.

Mingling with the eager buyers were three men who, if they had wished, could have answered the question; they were detectives from the National Association

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of Credit Men. When the doors were finally opened and Gross and Levison, or Golden and Markowitz, smilingly welcomed their new customers, the detectives stepped forward and deftly handcuffed the surprised merchants together. Then a squad of police appeared from nowhere and shooed the astounded crowd back into the streets. That night the local papers answered the question of "How can they sell so cheap?"

The scheming crooks were taken to jail and in separate rooms put through a gruel of questioning; then each, trying to save his own hide and hoping for clemency, squealed on the other. Individually they admitted the whole felony, but each claimed that he was merely a tool in the hands of the other, who was the master mind that directed everything.

They had opened the jobbing house, and for nearly two years had carried on a legitimate business, establishing their credit by paying promptly for all shipments within the specified time. Then, with credit established, they had placed large orders wherever they could and had reshipped the goods to a friend in Texas. The burning of the depleted stock at the jobbing house had been a simple matter. A few gallons of oil had been poured over empty boxes and packing-cases in the cellar and a twenty-four-hour candle set burning where the flame would reach some oil-soaked waste when the candle had almost burned out. This gave the criminals a chance to establish an alibi, allowing them to be well away from the scene of the crime when the fire started.

THE National Association of Credit Men has been fighting credit crooks for the past eight years, and it has been no mean fight, though little has been heard about it in the public press. Credit crooks, or, as United States District Attorney Buckner calls them, "business burglars," are super-criminals who think in hundreds of thousands of dollars and work out their plans as systematically as any well-organized business. For the most part they operate on a national scale, and their organizations include many brilliant minds.

The case of Gross & Levison is one of the crudest of its kind; most credit frauds are worked out with more finesse, and are harder to unravel. There is the case of Lasky, Cohen & Lasky, Inc. This firm conducted a large hardware business in a Mid-West city, which we will call St. Mark. They had a good rating and were considered a desirable firm with which to do business. In the spring of 1923 they were declared bankrupts, and a receiver was appointed to take charge of their affairs. Creditors filed claims aggregating $1,250,000, and an inventory of their stock with outstanding bills showed assets of less than $50,000. A trustee was appointed and the case taken before a referee. After the assets had been sold by an officially appointed bankruptcy auctioneer and the fees of the receiver and the receiver's lawyer, the trustee and the trustee's attorney, the referee and the auctioneer, had been paid, the creditors were awarded the pittance of one and a half cents on the dollar.

As may be supposed, the creditors were highly indignant, and, suspecting fraud, placed the case in the hands of the National Association of Credit Men. Investigators went to work and attempted to go into the bankrupt company's affairs, but could make little progress. Books and documents that were supposed to be in the hands of the trustee could not be found. The receiver refused repeatedly to see them, giving pressure of business in other matters as an excuse, and when finally pressed for an interview gave evasive answers to all their questions. The referee made a pretense of helping them, but the information he gave proved unreliable and misleading. Attempts to get information from local railroad officials regarding shipments made to and by the bankrupt firm were fruitless; no one in St. Mark was willing to discuss the affairs of Lasky, Cohen & Lasky, Inc. The detectives were clever, experienced men, and realized that they had a vicious circle in high power working against them.

Returning to headquarters, the detectives told their suspicions to their chief. The Association had great faith in these men, and decided to follow up their theory. Other detectives were sent to St. Mark with instructions to keep under cover and to disregard the affairs of Lasky, Cohen & Lasky, Inc., for the time being and learn all they could about the officials of the bankruptcy proceedings. After several weeks they returned and reported that all these officials belonged to a clique of lawyers who made a business of staging bankruptcies that were immensely profitable to them and the bankrupts. Their organization included a number of high city officials, lawyers, business men, gangsters, gunmen, and pyromaniacs.

Here was a ticklish situation to handle, but the Credit Men determined to round up these criminals. It would be an expensive operation, but they believed that the injured creditors of Lasky, Cohen & Lasky, Inc., would be willing to put up the money in order to see these master swindlers brought to justice. In another city, several hundred miles from St. Mark, the creditors were called to a secret conference. The whole story was told to them and a plan to trap the criminals disclosed. When they learned of the plot to which they had been made victims, they readily agreed to supply the necessary funds.

THE detectives were sent back to St. Mark, this time with a large bank account at their disposal. They represented themselves as business men looking for a good location in which to open a hardware store. After making a few ostentatious inquiries of business conditions, they leased a building and opened a store under the firm name of The Enterprise Hardware Company. They joined a couple of local business clubs, mixed around town, and spent money freely. In a short while they were well known and well established in the city.

After several months they made cautious approaches to the heads of the swindling clique and let it be known that they were open to the staging of a profitable bankruptcy. Believing that they had found two of their own kind, the swindlers welcomed them into their circle. Then the usual fraudulent bankruptcy proceedings were staged. First, under instructions from the leader of the ring, the pseudo merchants began placing large orders, "buying for a bust." The names of colleagues in other cities who would receive the stolen goods were confided to the detectives. A set of "phony" books was drawn up by an expert, and a lot of false obligations of indebtedness supplied. Everything was arranged in a thoroughly businesslike manner.

The detectives kept the headquarters office informed of every move, and they in turn informed the wholesale hardware men who were supplying funds and stock for bait. Large shipments were made to The Enterprise Hardware Company in St. Mark, and as soon as they reached that city were reshipped to other points.

The bankruptcy was staged in the proper, legitimate way. A receiver was appointed, who took charge of the bankrupt company's affairs, the case went before a referee, and a trustee was appointed. The creditors were offered six cents on the dollar, but refused to take it. This refusal did not worry the swindlers in the least.

"Let them try and get more," laughed the trustee; "they had better take what they can get now, or they'll have a few more fees to pay."

Then the crash came. A large squad of Federal detectives swept down on St. Mark, and before they had been in the city two hours thirty-nine gentlemen of high local standing were confined in jail.

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Most of them kept up a show of injured dignity, but among them were a few who had broad yellow streaks up their backs; these whined and squealed and begged for mercy. Now the authorities have a beautiful case against a gang of the cleverest crooks that ever perpetrated crime while living among their fellow-men as highly respectable citizens.

The case has not yet come up for trial, but when it does the National Association of Credit Men believe that it will land a number of the gang in jail for long sentences and will put terror into the hearts of other swindling organizations.

Cincinnati Ceramics

The city the Ohio built sits for a portrait

By GEORGE MARVIN

"NOW, gentlemen," said the ballyhoo man on the front seat, through his megaphone, to the Tennessee dairy farmers on the other eleven seats of the rubber-neck wagon, "All lean forward, please."

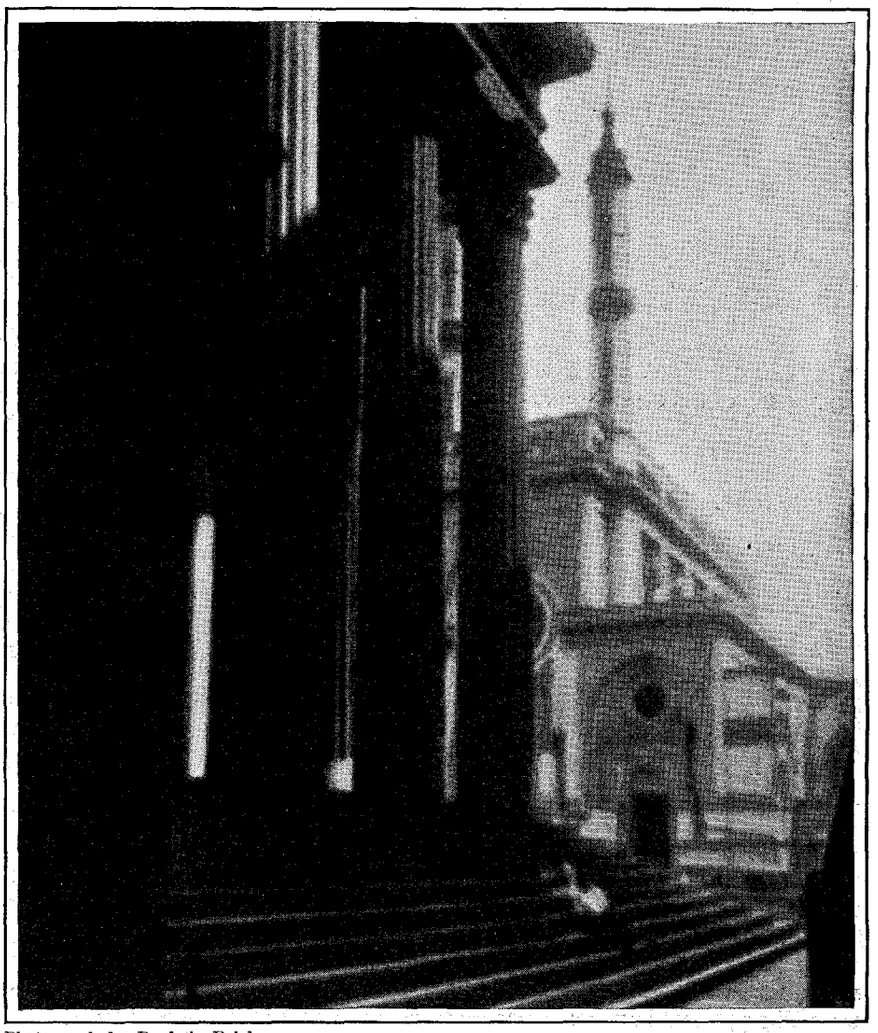
Obediently the credulous ranks from the Fundamental State of Tennessee leaned forward as the sight-seeing bus struck a long ten-per-cent grade winding up into Eden Park, once the estate of old Nicholas Longworth, German progenitor of all the American Longworths. And faithfully they continued to lean forward, albeit with growing incredulity, while the wagon neared the top of the hill, their black Stetson hats inclined as though in prayer, until on the summit the facetious ballyhooer swung his megaphone again towards the questioning faces beginning to peer over the backs of the other seats:

"Thank you, gentlemen," said he. "That helped us up nicely. Now, gentlemen, on your left you will see," etc. (To be filled in from any tourist folder.)

Sotto voce on the third seat: "Say, Henry—stop yer snickerin'—say, I'd a whole lot rather believe a man an' git fooled than stop believin'."

If Henry and his Fundamental neighbors kept on believing, their faith was sorely tried on their earthly motor pilgrimage through "the oldest large city west of the Alleghanies." Nevertheless the prophet on the third seat was justified and found honor north of the Ohio as well as in his own country of naïve belief. Maybe, indeed, he saw some things with his simpler faith that even the ballyhoo man missed as he pointed out the red-tiled roof of Congressman "Nick" Longworth's mansion rising through the trees. From the heights of Eden he could see a silver sweep of the Ohio River dividing Kentucky from this pivotal political State of Grant and Garfield, of McKinley and Taft, of Hayes, Harrison, Harding—and Mark Hanna; with the exception of Virginia, the most Presidential neighborhood in the Americas. Two generations before Grant, the first Ohio President, was born Cincinnati was made by the Ohio River, then, as now, the only big navigable river flowing with the history of the Union from east to west. Before and during the Civil War, with its sister riparian cities of New Orleans and Memphis and St. Louis, Cincinnati went down to the river in steamboats and occupied its business in great waterways. During its hundred and fifty years of life it has grown more by the river than by rail, because, stowed away in the southwest corner of the State, the main latitudinal trunk lines, on more northerly or southerly surveys, passed it by for alleged topographical or geographical reasons, leaving Cincinnati to the courageous monopoly of the Baltimore and Ohio. After a while the city calmly got mad and built its own railroad 339 miles down to Chattanooga to get a needed outlet southward, and then the main lines woke up and built stub extensions into town to hook up with the trend of trade.

So now it has come about that a Janus-headed Cincinnatus faces the Great Bear and the Southern Cross; trade trends more north and south by rail and automotive transport than east



Photograph by Paul A. Briol

Portions of Cincinnati, divorced from their environment, transport imagination to the Levant—to Asian cities of minarets and mosques. Beyond the Corinthian columns of the Roman Catholic Cathedral are the slender towers of the Palm Street Temple

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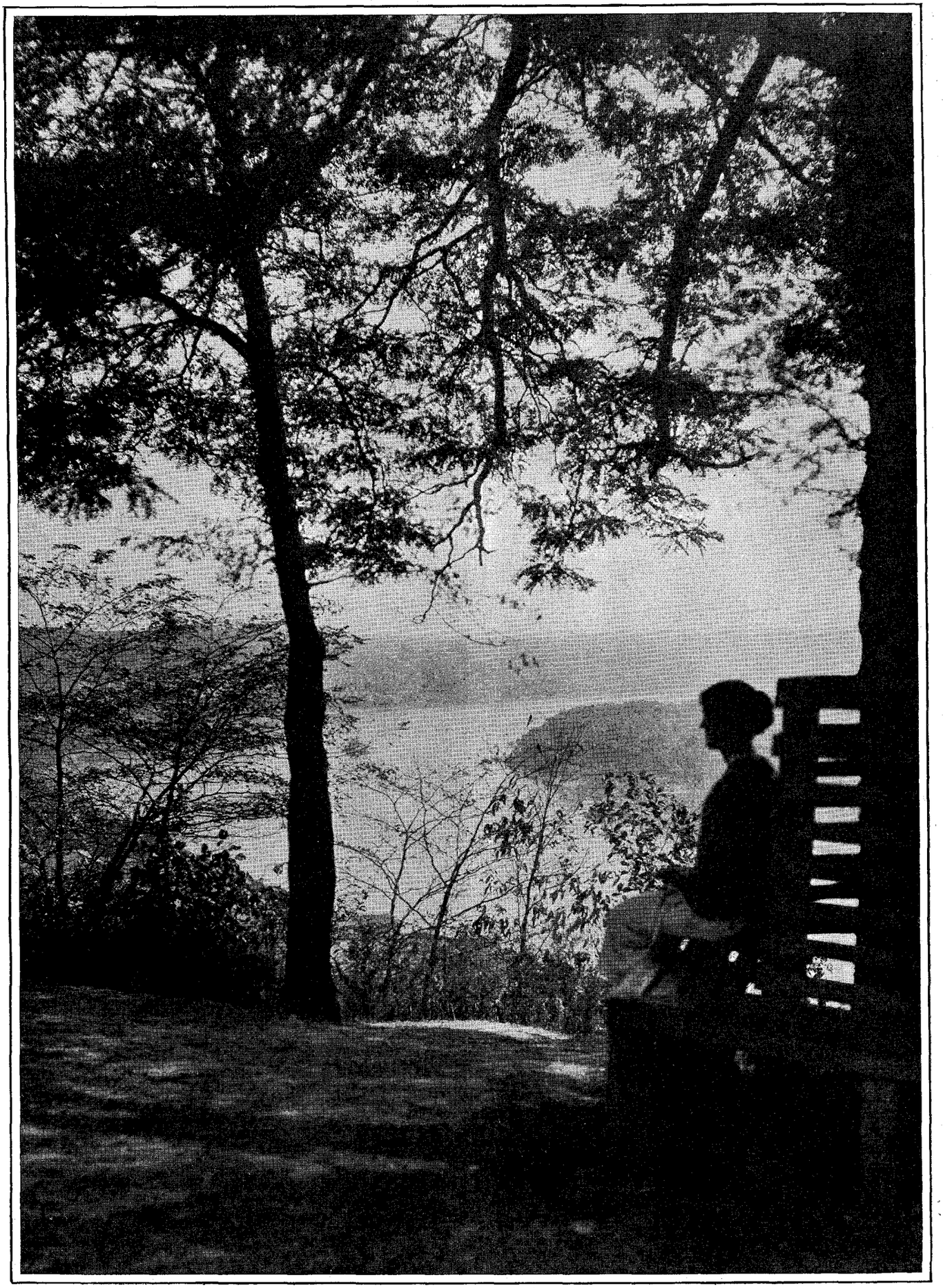

Photograph by Paul A. Briol

A glimpse of the river that made Cincinnati from Eden Park

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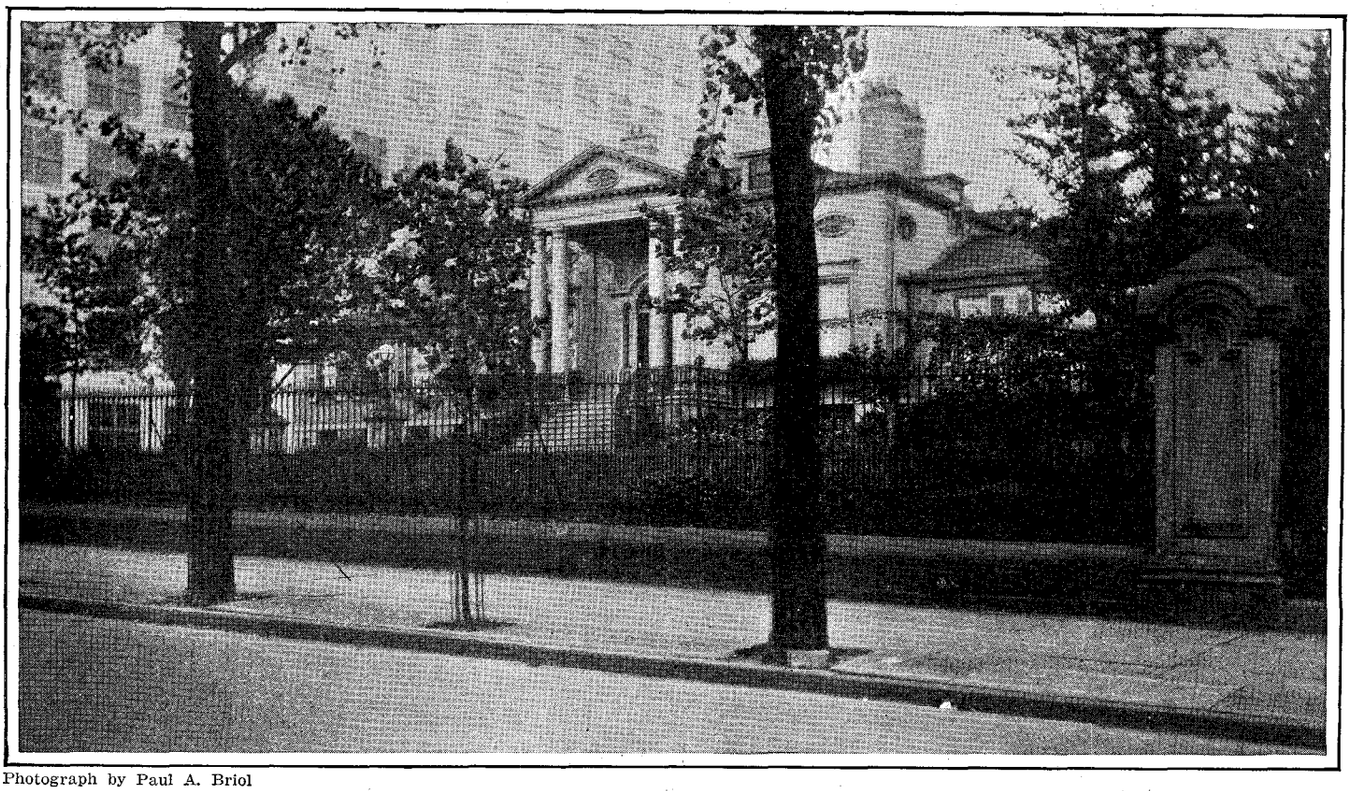

Photograph by Paul A. Briol

James Hobau, designer of the White House, built this in 1818. It is now the home of Charles P. Taft, and the sole residential survivor in the business section of Cincinnati

and west, though boats still ply up and down the river with recently increasing freights. Henry and his friends on the back seats may believe their personal conductor—with their ears cocked apprehensively in the direction of St. Louis—when he says that this is the most southern of Northern cities, the most northern of cities of the South. Louisville, a relative stone's throw in one direction, is as irrevocably Southern as Columbus, close at hand in the opposite direction, is Yankee to the core.

From the river down below the land rises up in terraced hills, as the highlands rise shoulder upon shoulder from the valley of the Moselle and the banks of the Rhine shelve backward from its stream, a country made for vineyards. So thought old Nicholas Longworth, who owned all this terraced real estate, found in its gravel and clay the soil of wine, and imported from the Fatherland a fine substantial stock of middle-class Germans to cultivate his vineyards on the Ohio. The effects of the big German immigration, that began as far back as the fifties, are very noticeable in Cincinnati tangibly and intangibly: in names, in types and occupations, in architecture, in music, and in moods. In a corresponding way Milwaukee's trademark is made in Germany and a cross-section of Duluth or Minneapolis shows Scandinavian grain. Nevertheless the ballyhoo man, ignoring signs and portents, tells the farmers that this is the most honest-to-goodness American town in the Union, with "the largest percentage of first-generation American-born." Maybe he is right, although his brethren of the megaphone in several other cities—such as, for example, Kansas City, Indianapolis, Seattle, St. Louis, and Lincoln (to mention only a few)—tell their visiting farmers and firemen the very same thing. If he is right, he only contributes to the mass of evidence—ignored by those who stirred up and reveled in the artificial, fashionable, and propaganda-fed hatred of all things German before the United States entered the war—proving the German ingredient in United States citizenship. Undeniably, some of the clay from which much that is durably best in Americanism is fashioned comes from Teutonic origins.

Germans molded the clay of Longworth's vineyards into grapes and wine, and Germans helped to build the kind of city that Cincinnati visibly is as well as to determine the invisible flavor of the community. Cincinnati sings. Spires and towers make the sky-line of the city. The distinguishing industries of Cincinnati are not all piled story upon story in congested, electric-lighted offices and lofts. Rather have they sought hill-top eyries, where in low-storied structures their craftsmen and craftswomen may find air and the light of the skies, detachment, and some peace about their work. The Rookwood Pottery shares Mount Adams with a monastery, both dedicated to good works and dominating, as feudal castles used to do, the city at their feet. Ivory soap is born quantitatively in a city valley, but Gruen watches come into being qualitatively on Time Hill in the rambling chalet of the Watchmakers' Guild. The Proctor-Collier Company lives in a big English mansion on a hill-top, and the Baldwin pianos keep in tune high up on the side of a hill. The corporation that makes most of the playing cards on this continent, instead of scraping the sky, spreads out over its real estate, with maple-shaded avenues and a Spanish Mission chime and tower. The Le Blond Machine Tool Company thrives in the midst of its gardens. Why, says Cincinnati, must industry be ugly?

Like the city of St. Peter's in Italy or of St. Paul in Minnesota, Cincinnati is very lucky in hills to build on. In common with other hill towns—Seattle, San Francisco, or Richmond—it crowns its eminence with public parks or public works; its University and its great hospital are high up in the urban landscape; the unaggressive memorial to Galbraith, first Commander of the American Legion, commands a view as extensive as the Tennessee farmers get from Eden Park over the Ohio and Kentucky. Two phœnix-like stone eagles, survivors of the old Chamber of Commerce fire, flew up here in Eden to roost on either side of a Bridge of Sighs spanning the macadam route of the believing farmers. "It is, gentlemen," the ballyhoo man explains,

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"the only bridge of its sighs in the city." Inadvertently, those commercial eagles roost for something distinctively Cincinnatian—that in this city, with the parks and the memorials and the monasteries, industrial enterprises have gone up higher.

By design or by the irony of chance, the sightseeing pilgrimage of the Fundamentalists terminated at the Zoo. The Zoo also crowns a hill and is in many other respects than the topographical a place of high regard. The baser biological clay is abundantly found there on exhibition, but also, in the open weather, the finer porcelains of Cincinnati exhibit themselves on the hither side of the bars. Cincinnati's Annual Fashion Show and Pageant is held at the Zoo. So is the grand opera. The Harriet Beecher Stowe Memorial is at the Zoo.

The Census gives Cincinnati about 400,000 people of its incorporated own, not counting the commuting citizenship of five towns just across four bridges in Kentucky and (megaphone) "the second largest cemetery in the world." Leaving out the dead ones—Genoa (megaphone) is the only municipality lodging more—the metropolitan area includes 650,000 living people whose civic center is the Zoo. It is a humble, as well as a high-minded, metropolis, content to be smaller than Cleveland and not discontented with its primordial center in a well-ventilated auditorium, with a stage at one end and a club-house at the other, wherein more than five thousand of the metropolitan people may comfortably seat themselves at one time without transgressing either the facts or the fire regulations. It just so happens that this unbarred inclosure is situated in the zoölogical gardens.

Into these penetralia we need not follow the farmers of Tennessee. If seeing is believing, maybe they may find some grounds for questioning again the statutes of their native State, well aired to the world at Dayton. At all events, they have seen enough to make them believe in Cincinnati and, perhaps, *malgré la megaphone,* in another State that is even more pivotal than Ohio. Before the Barnard statue of Lincoln down on Fourth Street they have listened unconvinced. That casting of the "fresh clay from the" neighboring Kentucky "breast of the unexhausted West" impressed them as a gaunt idol with tremendous feet of clay, a colossal advertisement of shoes. Rife opinions differed as to whether they were Regals, Crawfords, or "Walk-all-overs."

But before the potter's craft in the Rookwood hill-top factory the Fundamental farmers took off their big black hats. And as they watched the craftsman occupied with fresh clay from the valley of the Ohio whirling into form beneath his creative fingers, lifting their eyes, the believers saw a great photograph of Anton Lang, the Oberammergau potter of the "Passion Play," on his visit here last year bending over his potter's clay, as though the veritable Christ firmly, lovingly, were fashioning there the material of human destiny.

Aaron Ruhe

By Elsie Singmaster

I.

AARON RUHE stood in his stable in the December twilight, pouring oats into the trough before his fractious mare. All was gray and dim—the dusty rafters, the brown partitions between the stalls, the masses of débris of many kinds tossed into corners. The faint gray gleam through a western window found reflecting surfaces only in the stirrups of a saddle polished by constant use and in the portions of woodwork rubbed smooth by animals which had served Aaron and his father and grandfather.

The mare, slender and a little underfed, refused the offered oats. Resentful because Aaron showed no sign of saddling her, she behaved like a violent child, now beating the door with her iron-shod hoofs, now rearing on her hind legs. The box-stall was roomy; otherwise her gymnastics would have been impossible or suicidal. She had a strange fashion of snapping with her teeth at the trough. Once she nearly caught Aaron's hand.

Aaron himself was in shadow; his tall figure seemed when he ceased to move like a permanent fixture of the barn. His gaze was set upon a little window opening toward the west, and he looked through it, even when it was obscured by the horse's body, thrown about in fiercer convulsions. He looked across the continent, following the vanished sun from Ohio to California.

"If I had you there!" he said aloud. "If I had you there!"

He saw himself astride the sorrel mare, breasting streams, sliding down precipices, toiling up cliffs, dressed now in cowboy clothes, now in armor with a plumed helmet, cameras trained upon him. Sweat beaded his forehead. "We could do any of those tricks, the two of us!"

Having placed a pail of fresh water where the mare could reach it, Aaron went out and closed the door. An agonized whinnying followed him; the mare would neither be silent nor eat until he was in the house. The wind was rising, whining round the corners of the barn, rustling the leaves protruding from the corn-stacks, singing in the ancient pines. The mare ceased whinnying; against the wind Aaron's footsteps were lost, and, with a sigh of relief because he need not go indoors at once, he stood still at the gateway in the fence which divided the barnyard from the house yard. There was the presage of snow in every tone of the wind; in another mood he would have been glad that the dead barrenness of the landscape would soon be covered. There was nothing to be seen which was not poverty-stricken and forlorn.

He seemed to be staring at the house—broad, low, unpainted, dilapidated, habitable in but two rooms. There, though he was only thirty, lived five creatures dependent upon him—his wife, who was twenty-five and who had already lost all the fairy-like prettiness which had bewitched him, and his four little children, who unless he could bring about a change in their fortunes would have far less than their father.

He saw the house and its five inhabitants; he saw himself astride the sorrel mare, breasting a perpendicular cliff, with the Pacific Ocean beneath him, pursuers close behind. He saw more clearly than either another object, between the house and the Pacific. This was Jim Plaisted's store.

The store stood at Plaisted's Corner and supplied the township with everything from pins to windmills. The neighborhood had not acquired the mail-order habit. Jim, an immensely fat, cheerful bachelor, asked reasonable prices and made good any defects in his commodities. Almost every one was indebted to

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him for kindnesses as well as for goods. The post office was in the store, and even though one expected no letters one went daily to see Jim. Jim was useful in another way; he had taken a partial medical course, and was often called in emergencies when the doctor could not cover his wide territory. He left his store only when he was desperately needed at the bedside of some suffering creature, or when he traveled in a rickety automobile on the first day of each month to put his profits in the bank at the county seat. He slept in a room adjoining the store and ate in the store, his meals being brought in a basket from the tavern.

Poverty and anxiety had warped Aaron's mind, and he lived much of the time in dreams. He let himself slip now into another dream, the one he had most often. He saw the interior of Jim's building with its many wings, not brightly lighted by sunshine or dimly by kerosene lamps, but black from end to end. The store was noisy, not with the pleasant exchanges of clerk or customer or the loud sallies of humor, but with the howling and whining of the wind. Suddenly he moved his hands as though he were feeling his way through the store. A strong odor filled his nostrils—of sugar and spices and kerosene, tarred rope and leather. He saw the cash drawer with its worn front, he felt it slide under his hand. He saw the building from the outside—there were shutters which were closed at night; Jim took precautions, not against citizens of Plaisted Township, but against migrant robbers. The shutters had crescent-shaped openings near the top; it would be easy for a tall and very thin man to mount the sill and thrust his bared arm through and down to the bolt. The bolts were set high. Aaron had often studied them.

He changed his position suddenly, and at the same moment the wind lulled. Instantly the mare began to whinny. The sound was so loud that his wife opened the door, and he went toward her at once, stumbling across the threshold. He had not ceased to love her, and he did not mean to begin the adventure upon which his heart was set by leaving her penniless. He saw again the dim building and the worn front of the drawer where Jim kept his money. What he needed so desperately Jim might even fail to miss.

II

AARON stood in the stable in the December twilight, brightened this evening by a mirror of deep snow. The sky was still clouded and there were a few drifting flakes. The snow had begun an hour after midnight, and now lay two feet deep on the level. It filled hollows, made rough places smooth, covered in an instant all footprints.

But one thing it did not hide; Aaron, entering the barn, pulled from his left hand a thick blue canvas mitten, and blood dripped on the snow. It was dark and clotted, as though his hand had bled for a long time. He had worn the mitten all day, and he had remained away from the house all day. He had done chores which might have waited for weeks and which the thick snow made extremely difficult. Called to dinner, he asked for sandwiches, and, taking them at the kitchen door, tramped into the woods with his ax on his shoulder. When his wife questioned him, he answered her gruffly, and she looked at him in terror and dismay, as though lack of affection would be a final and intolerable misfortune.

He did not know that he had left blood marks on the snow; faint and exhausted, he thought only of getting into the stable, where he could lie on the hay. The mare had not been out, and her restlessness and eagerness were painful to watch. Her eyes rolled, her hide quivered; she did not come forward, but remained beating her hoofs against the wall. Too tired to give her food, too tired even to speak an affectionate word, Aaron leaned against the manger.

There was one act for which he was not too tired—he turned back and opened the door and gazed toward Plaisted's Corner. He had looked a thousand times since early dawn, but had seen only fast-falling snow. During the morning in all the dim landscape there were no travelers, and in the afternoon few besides the men who broke the distant main road. Now, looking down, he saw a company approaching. First came men breaking the road—he did not recognize them as those regularly employed for this duty; then an ancient carryall, the conveyance of Jim Plaisted when snow or ice made the use of a car dangerous.

With an effect almost as startling as that of a loud sound, the red sun looked suddenly through the clouds and illuminated the little group. Light spread over the fields as though daylight were returning.

Aaron stepped back and closed the door. There was no lock; the Ruhes had never had horses worth stealing except this strange unaccountable pearl which could be bridled only by her master. Aaron glanced into the loft—they could follow him there in an instant. He looked into the mare's stall—she might kill him if he entered and did not lead her out.

He heard Jim Plaisted's voice, roaring, cheerful; he heard the loud answers—the men were at his gate. If he attempted to run across the snow toward the distant woodland, they would call to him to stop, and if he did not stop they might shoot. He would be glad to die were it not for the five helpless creatures in the shabby house. He heard Plaisted's "Whoa!" then his shout, "Where's Aaron?" then Mary's answer, terror in her voice, "In the stable." He heard Plaisted stamping toward the stable—with all the unnecessary tasks he had performed he had left this path uncleared. He looked down at his hand, trying in vain to draw on his blood-stained mitten. Could any one prove that small shot had been picked from these tortured fingers? What should he say? He must decide quickly—*what should he say?* The mare ceased pounding the stable wall and came forward, uttering a whinnying that was like a scream, her head swinging from side to side. He looked at her desperately, as though she might be his deliverance.

An instant later the door opened and Plaisted entered. The sun shone in brightly; the mare stood quietly in the corner, her skin quivering, her head lifted, in her eyes a look of strange, human wretchedness. It could not be that Aaron had beaten her! Aaron stood by the manger, holding on with his right hand, his left behind him. His face was deathlike, his lower jaw dropped.

Plaisted closed the door.

"Aaron," said he, gently. He took from his pocket a leather glove. "Last evening I was away, and the boy slept in the store. He saw a hand pushed in through the shutter, and he let off a charge of small shot. He heard no more, and went to bed. In the morning I found blood on the shutter and on the ground this glove. I remembered selling it to you. I haven't come to threaten you. I've come to see whether you're in trouble, and if I can do anything for you."

Aaron brought his left hand from behind his back. By a mighty effort he lifted it before Plaisted's eyes, and by a still mightier effort in fast-fading consciousness gasped out a single word, "Bitten!" and then others, trailing into nothingness as he fell: "Not her fault! My fault—my fault!"

Plaisted eased him to the floor. He knelt beside him and lifted the limp and terrible hand. The mare had not accomplished all that was expected; there was beyond the crushed fingers a single unobliterated perforation.

"Oh, you poor soul!" cried Plaisted, weeping. "Oh, you poor, poor soul!"

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The Chestnut Tree's Struggle to Survive

By Don C. Seitz

LAST fall members of the Adirondack Mountain Club, hiking in the Ramapo region back of the Highlands of the Hudson, found five hundred chestnuts, the fruit of new trees that have come into being since the blight destroyed the old growth—one of the greatest and most baffling calamities that ever befell forests in America.

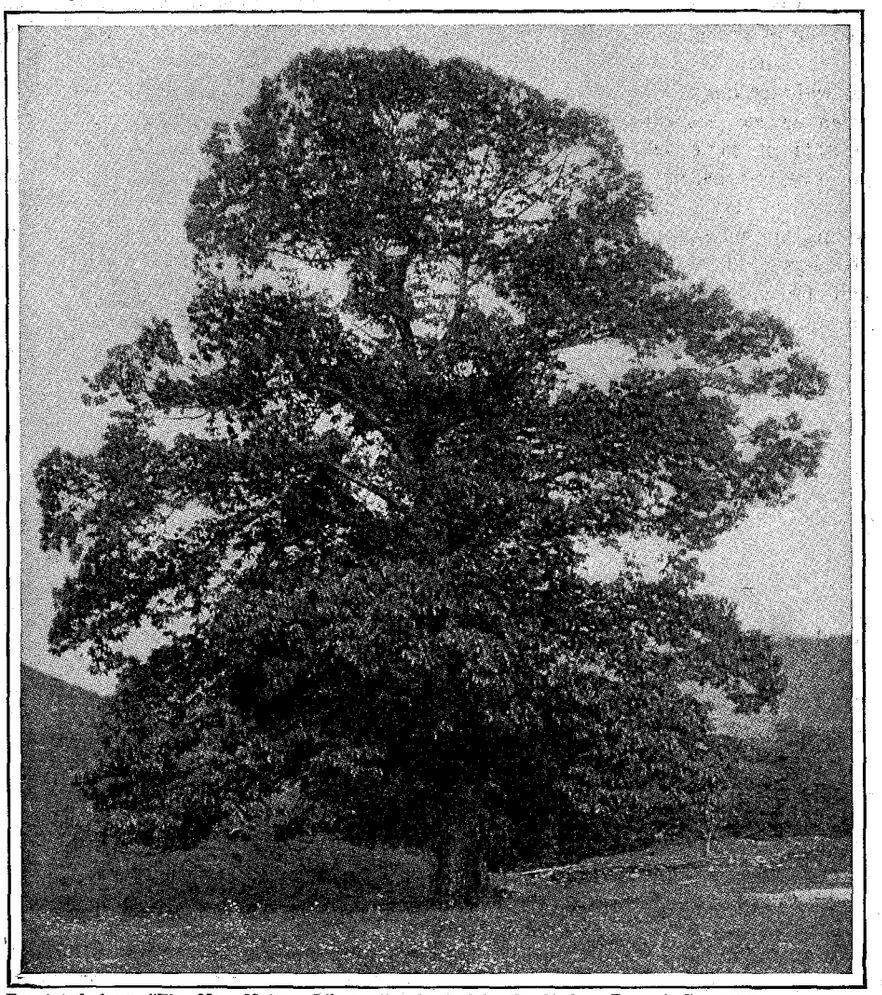
The Club planted 250 nuts among the hills where they were found, and gave the remainder to Dr. C. Stuart Gager, head of the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens, who is testing them to discover whether immunity has at last been achieved by the chestnut. The outcome will be awaited with interest.

The blight came upon the trees back in the days before the war, in the mysterious manner nature has of spreading all her works. Presumably, it journeyed from Japan in a shipment of the Japanese chestnut, which long ago overcame the blight by developing resistance to its ravages. Starting, like Walt Whitman, "from fish-shaped Paumonok"—Long Island—it has laid waste the chestnuts from Maine to the Carolinas, and no scientific prevention has been found to stay its progress.

I think the farthermost chestnut tree in the East is to be found on the shore of Lake Pennesseewassee, in Norway, western Maine. This tree was an exotic, planted by my friend Fred Cummings, but it flourished and was bountiful in burs. Three years ago the blight reached its slender limbs, and it has been going the way of all others.

Yet throughout the devastated territory hundreds of young shoots have come to life from stumps of trees that were cut down after death. Those in the Ramapos last year reached fruition for the first time. I have observed none so mature in Westchester County, New York, or Fairfield County, Connecticut, where once the trees flourished by thousands. In that part of Greenwich called Cos Cob their number was legion. In early summer a great forest of them blossomed along the heights above the Mianus River, where scores of giants stood, every one of which died from the blight. On eighty-five acres of timber owned by Frederick Gotthold, Esq., nine hundred dead trees were cut down. This fairly represents the extent of the devastation.

The young trees that first sprung up were soon withered. The next series was stronger, and the third lives to bear nuts. It is more than probable, therefore, that a natural process is under way whereby, in time, nature will requite herself with a chestnut that will turn away the secret spores of death. That must have happened in the Orient, whence the disease came and where chestnuts now flourish.



Reprinted from "The New Nature Library," published by Doubleday, Page & Company

A monarch of the tribe

The destruction of the trees meant a material loss covering America northeast of the Appalachians. Not only was an agreeable food curtailed, but one of our best and fastest-growing timbers vanished. The straight-grained chestnut was easily worked, split without shattering, and was soon usable. It was especially valuable for railroad ties, lasting well and reproducing rapidly. The limbs made good fire wood, while its roasted nut was a delicacy, smaller but far superior in sweetness to the big Italian variety that has superseded it on the street stands since the blight accomplished its deadly work. The Italian chestnut is a mouthful, and that is about all. It is found at its best, by the way, not in Italy, but in Corsica, the island birthplace of the great Napoleon. Here it flourishes and forms a very large part of the food supply.

The nut of the Japanese tree is larger than that coming from the American variety, but lacks its singular sweetness. Well roasted, the American chestnut is a real delicacy and once vied with popcorn at farmhouse and village parties as the main "treat."

The trees towered above those of other varieties in the Eastern forest, and their foliage was peculiarly lusty, the long leaves having sharply serrated edges and hanging thickly from the boughs. The crop of nuts was so perennial and reliable that the word "chestnut" became forty years ago a part of the American vernacular, being used to characterize more-than-twice-told tales. "Chestnut" checked the flow of many a jester's speech. It was very useful, but this application has seemingly died out with the tree. It will be seen, however, that the chestnut had a value beyond that of food and railroad ties in repressing boresomeness and shutting off the repetitive.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Comets

MISS PROCTOR an astronomer and daughter of an astronomer, knows as much about comets as anybody. Nobody knows much. She tells[1] of the superstitions concerning comets, about the sport of hunting them, and how to make out time-tables for them. Astronomers can plot the whereabouts of comets as easily as a train-despatcher in the Grand Central Station can tell you where the 20th Century Limited is at this moment. It is impressive to learn, for instance, that the pet and prize of all astronomers, Halley's Comet, is now approaching the orbit of the planet Neptune, which it will reach in 1933, stopping for about forty-five minutes for lunch, gas, and to inspect the tires. In 1985 and 1986 it will be back again in our neighborhood, when "once more it will gladden the eyes of mortals" (Miss Proctor).

To any reader of The Outlook who proposes to be up and looking for Halley's Comet in February, 1986 (hoping to gladden his eyes), I am going to give some valuable advice. Don't lose your sleep. This counsel is based upon painful experience acquired in May, 1910, when I sacrificed ease, rosy cheeks, and bright-eyed youthfulness in numerous attempts to see that wicked old impostor.

Miss Proctor, by remaining on watch, on top of the New York "Times" building, from 3 A. M. to dawn on several successive mornings, was able to say that she saw the comet. (My belief is that she saw the searchlight on John Wanamaker's store.)

All through 1909 the astronomers were kidding us about the great treat which was coming with Halley's Comet. Meanwhile, early in 1910, and quite without the aid of any advertising men, publicity agents, or other propaganda, a perfectly satisfactory, astronomical-school-book-looking comet turned up in the western skies for three or four evenings about sunset. Barring the fact that it was taking a dive below the earth, so that its head was hidden, it was a good enough comet for anybody. While waiting for the sky to darken one evening, so as to observe it through a glass, I passed the time away in looking at the planet Venus, which was the evening star. I made then the original discovery that this planet shows itself, so observed, in a crescent form, like the new moon. Somebody else—Galileo, I believe—made this same discovery about 1600, but, as I had never heard of that fact, I do not see how that robs me of any of the credit.

But to get back to the unadvertised comet of the year 1910. It had absolutely caught the astronomers napping; none of them had ever seen it before. So they dismissed it sneeringly, calling it "1910 A" and intimating that it was a tuppenny comet. They would not even give it a name, but continued to sing about Halley's. All their money and eloquence had been put upon Halley's. By sitting up until about 3:13 A. M. for three or four very chilly mornings in the following May, this frightfully overpraised specimen could be dimly descried in the sou'-sou'west just over Deacon Huff's house, said one observer in our town. Another, however, declared that he saw it by means of his spy-glass, and that it was a magnificent sight, directly in the south, and about two points to the starboard of the gas-house. There were skeptics, however, who declared that this was a lantern carried by Old Man Treddick, who was down on the flats early, digging clams.

Miss Proctor also discusses meteors; so I may remark that another of these fiascos was the great meteor display—the Leonids—in 1899. They are due, say the astronomy books, every thirty-three years, and, if you are a trusting soul, you will be looking for them in 1932. I am still trying to collect a bill for three nights' loss of sleep which I sent, late in 1899, to some of the leading astronomers of America. All I have been able to recover, so far, is the information that "something must have happened to the Leonids." One man saw them in 1866, so I was told—a man returning from Boston to Cambridge at about three o'clock in the morning. He had just stepped off the horse-car in Harvard Square, when he suddenly saw a marvelous display of meteors. Before he had time to notify the college authorities, however, the show was all off.

This information leaves me chilly. I have seen peculiar sights at that hour in Harvard Square—back in the nineteenth century—without ever believing it imperative to disturb Professor Pickering, or anybody else.

"The Romance of Comets" tells, in popular style and short space, nearly all that one needs to know about these "strange wanderers of the heavens" Everything, that is, except what they are; how they get that way; why they travel about in these long parabolic curves; where they come from; whither they are going; what keeps them going, where the lost ones go to, and where the fresh new ones come from; what they are made of; and what, if anything, we ought to do about it. We do not know whether the head of a comet is a large and very solid lump of nickel or steel or something, followed by long streams of gas in a state of ignition, or whether the whole comet is merely a concatenation of fiery particles in a state of moral turpitude. If a comet should hit us head on, should we presently be in the condition of spiders on a hot shovel, or would the unfortunate comet recoil like a withered pansy? What is the tail made of, and what will happen if the earth passes through the tail of a comet?

The latter event has happened more than once—according to some of the astronomers. But they—or somebody—spread agitation about this prospect when Halley's Comet approached in 1910. We were to pass through its tail—or rather, it was to give us a side-swipe with its tail—on some specified evening from 9:30 to 11. The result would be one of the following events:

1. As the tail was composed merely of mephitic and semi-poisonous gases, we should be all right, comparatively speaking, if we stayed indoors and muffled up our heads. Nothing worse than acute *mal-de-mer,* for about twenty-four to thirty-six hours, would afflict any one.

2. As the tail consisted only of flying particles of bdellium, manganese, and other junk, thirteen times as hard as iron, varying in size from an English walnut up to a small sewing-machine, and as there were simply millions and millions of these particles flying in every direction, the chances were good for a pretty rough party.

3. As the tail of a comet consists of absolutely nothing at all, moving in a vast vacuum, the exact moment when we entered and left the tail of Halley's Comet would be easily recognized by the fact that nothing whatsoever would occur at both these times.

Miss Proctor is rather roguish about the persons who became anxious as Halley's Comet drew near—about the silly ones who laid in a few canisters of oxygen to inhale during the unpleasantness, and

[1] The Romance of Comets. By Mary Proctor, F. R. A. S. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

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some others who went quite cuckoo over it. Then she dodges the whole question of what might have happened by saying that the comet obligingly spread its tail at the crucial moment and let the earth squeeze through the gap.

I never knew what was the trouble with astronomy until I learned that it is a branch—the highest branch—of mathematics. That probably accounts for the fact that it is such an extremely inexact science.

E. P.

Fiction

TWO OR THREE GRACES. By Aldous Huxley. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Aldous Huxley in this volume of one long and three much shorter stories displays his usual sophisticated and too often futile cleverness. He does more or less disagreeable things so technically well that almost at times we are persuaded he is an important person. He may—just possibly—persuade us of it yet, for, though most of his work is fatally easy to forget, he has written at least one memorably fine and powerful story. But it will be when he touches the high spots with more fire and less fizz, and in the low ones reaches oftener the clear, unmuddied depths.

Biography

APOSTATE. By Forrest Reid. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

Mr. Forrest Reid, distinguished as a writer of supernatural romance, has written the autobiography of his youth under a title which more than forestalls the severest criticism to which the book is open. Apostate is not a pretty word. True, Mr. Reid has changed, or rather discarded, his faith; but he is a free-born man of letters on the other side of the Atlantic who may believe what he pleases without reproach. It is rather his departure from the accepted creed of family loyalties which evokes an instinctive revulsion in the reader. He tries apparently to be entirely just and passionless; he has no hard words for any one, he never was the victim of intentional unkindness. But if he makes this clear, he makes it even more so that as a child in his own home he met with neither tenderness, understanding, nor the will to understand. The picture, all too well presented, is of a selfish, chilly, and uninteresting family group, with little natural kindliness, intelligence, or gayety. Perhaps it is a true picture; but our sympathy for the one member who was sensitive, imaginative, and potentially affectionate, while it cannot be withheld, would be greater if he had reserved his youthful experiences to use only under the decent veil of fiction.

History

THE ORIGIN OF THE NEXT WAR. By John Bakeless. The Viking Press, New York. $2.50.

Despite his provocative title, Mr. Bakeless is not an alarmist, in that he does not admit the inevitability of a second World War. He makes no prophecies. He does not (though no pacifist) tell us to arm to the teeth, or even to keep up with the armament parade. What he has done here is to marshal factors—political, economic, social, nationalistic—that were root causes of the World War, and to show that seven years after the Peace of Versailles the same factors still operate. The series of small wars and diplomatic crises, such as the Agadir affair, Fashoda, Casablanca, adumbrating 1914, have their counterparts in this post-bellum age. Predictions of European statesmen that we are drifting towards war are monotonously frequent.

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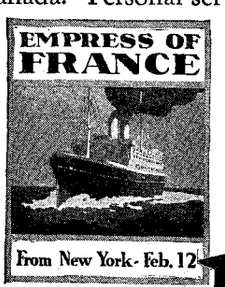

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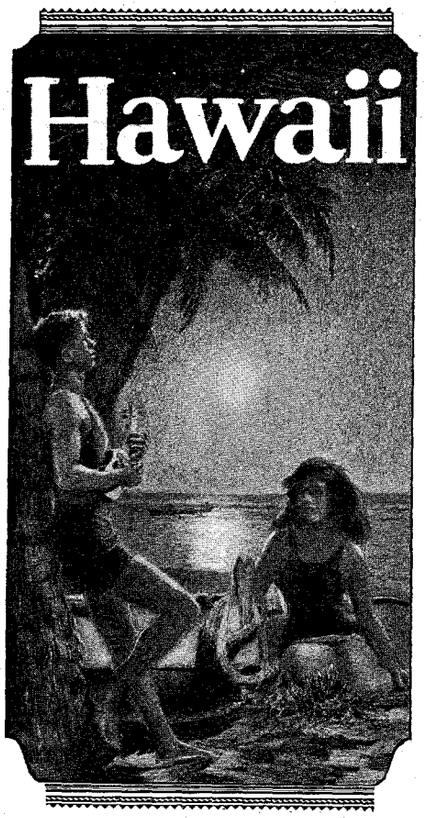

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tries—Germany, Italy, and Japan—has brought about a tension inimical to world peace. These nations feel that they must expand territorially or reduce their standards of living to those of the coolie masses of China and India. Another alternative suggests itself, one practiced with apparent success in the Netherlands—birth-control. But on grounds of religion or policy these nations refuse to limit their birth rate. The Japanese by legal enactment rigorously forbid birth-control propaganda.

Irridentism—the desire of foreign minorities to secede and unite politically with neighboring kindred—continues to keep alive the smoldering animosities between races and nationalities, a condition directly provocative. The exchange of populations, as between Greece and Turkey after the Greek debacle in Asia Minor, and subsequently between Poland and Germany, though causing immense hardship to the expelled populations, Mr. Bakeless regards as the lesser of two evils—a bitter but salutary pill. A third and obviously economic cause of war is the struggle of inland nations for seaports. Barred from access to the sea through their own territories, these nations live in constant dread of economic strangulation in the event of war or unfriendly legislation in the nation that controls their maritime gate. The case of Germany and the Polish corridor is cited, in which the right is on both sides.

Perhaps because of its several failures and relatively few successes, the League of Nations receives scant mention. Mr. Bakeless apparently is not impressed with its efficiency as a peace insurance agent. He hazards the opinion that if we study the underlying causes (presumably those he has set forth) and impress on the people "the relatively slight chances of profit in warfare under modern conditions," at the same time suppressing the emotionalist peace-at-any-price people, the problem will be solved. There is inconclusiveness in this reasoning. Warfare, even the cataclysmic struggle of the World War, profits certain classes and certain participant nations.

Travel

NORTHERN LIGHTS AND SOUTHERN SHADE: Loitering in Brittany, Scandinavia, and Elsewhere. By Douglas Goldring. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

This book of travel is distinctly not of the stodgily informative kind, suitable to be crammed by the prospective voyager abroad or the resolute club woman in South Equity who is writing a paper for the Travel Afternoon. It is casual, it is informal, it is carefully fair and yet full of prejudices; it doesn't tell much one would really like to hear, it does tell a good deal that is unusual and unexpected, if generally unimportant; it brings one at times into company that is, to put it politely, as queer as it is diverting. The chapters are of very uneven quality, but the book is readable and not commonplace.

Essays and Criticism

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS MANNING TO CHARLES LAMB. Edited by G. A. Anderson. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.50.

The delightful affection of these informal and whimsical outpourings from Manning to Lamb, full of conceits and quaint terms, will appeal *in parvo* to many not lovers of letters; while scholars and biographers will seize upon them as throwing additional light on two rare souls. We are told that Lamb as a rule destroyed letters; these have been preserved—and no wonder! The correspondence covers a period of thirty-five years. It was begun when both young men were in their early twenties, and it continued during Manning's sojourn in China, where he made such a notable repu-

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tation as a scholar, and afterwards up to the time of Lamb's death in 1834. His friend outlived him by several years.

That Manning, in spite of his enormous sense of humor, suffered the ordinary sorrows and joys of mankind, may be inferred by the following extracts:

"Damn the Postman's daughter for turning the end of your letter into Curl-papers. I should say turn-tailing it into Curl-papers. May she become crooked & her hair strait to all eternity!" and "My imagination is as a may-meadow, humming with spring and life—yea, humming as a pot of beer hums when approached to the fire."

Religion

AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN LITERATURE. By George Leopold Hurst, B.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

This is a compendium, by a Canadian Presbyterian clergyman, of the men and books that from the death of Christ to the present day have been the beacon lights of Christianity. The author has got into the compass of a moderate volume several thousand of the great names and titles—the Christian Fathers and their works, the dispersers of the Gospel, the noted of every school in the Middle Ages and the Reformation, the leaders of religious thought throughout the chief European lands and in America in modern times. In covering so large a field, it is of course hard to avoid important omissions. Few readers but will seek a favorite hero and not find him. But the work—in a comparatively untried field—has been so well done, its subjects are so fairly and adequately treated, that the "Outline" will inevitably find a sure place with students and on reference shelves. We prophesy for it other editions and completions.

Finance

THE WAR PERIOD OF AMERICAN FINANCE, 1908–1925. By Alexander D. Noyes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

In language which the ordinary man can easily understand, Mr. Noyes continues in this book his "Forty Years of American Finance." This narrative—for it really is a story—is based on the "economic events which either shaped or reflected transition from the America of days before the European war to the America of to-day." We have not seen this crucial period so admirably summarized in any other one study.

Miscellaneous

CLOUDS AND WEATHER PHENOMENA, FOR ARTISTS AND OTHER LOVERS OF NATURE. By C. J. P. Cave, M.A. The Macmillan Company, New York.

This is a valuable brochure by an expert in cloud study, illustrated with some admirable examples of sky photography. It is non-technical and intelligible.

THE SCENEWRIGHT: THE MAKING OF STAGE MODELS AND SETTINGS. By Andre Smith. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This book will prove invaluable to followers of the little theater movement who are interested in the technical problems of stage settings. Mr. Smith writes with a contagious enthusiasm and a thorough knowledge of the practical as well as theoretical requirements. He realizes that the majority of designers are limited by financial considerations to a minimum outlay for materials, and experience has taught him how to achieve exceptional effects at slight expense. When the playwright pens a description of a scene, he poses a problem for the designer which can best be solved by the use of a small-scale model permitting study in actual form and perspective. The author's directions for the construction of such models are explicit, and he has been generous with illustrations.

Notes on New Books

GOGOL. By Janko Lavrin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.
Study of the Russian writer.

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

Averages

NOTHING is more deceptive than an average. We are all familiar with the mythical "average man," who serves nevertheless a very useful purpose, even though he utterly fails to exist. We know that average temperatures give but a poor idea of the extremes of hot and cold. And when it comes to other varieties of averages, there is frequently a deception which, while not at all intentional, still succeeds in misleading.

The daily papers publish various averages which purport to show the tendency of prices of commodities and of stocks and bonds. One of these, the "Dow-Jones," has been accepted for years as indicative of the Stock Exchange's fluctuations. With-

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Age of Surplus Earnings

Age of Declining Earnings

Age of Retirement

Start *early* learning how to invest

THE young man who puts off taking an interest in investments until he has a substantial surplus, may waste valuable time. He can begin with a little, to learn how to use capital—to develop a sound investment viewpoint—to recognize the difference between an investment structure and a mere collection of securities. Halsey, Stuart & Co. will take the same interest in helping him as it applies to the larger investment affairs of his elders.

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Our new booklet, "Looking Ahead Financially," tells young men how to plan a financial program suited to their circumstances—how to advance it as they grow into the period of surplus earnings. Men of well developed earning power will find it equally applicable to the problem of insuring the permanence of their incomes. May we send you this interesting booklet?

Write for booklet OL-86

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out in any way criticising the makers of this average, we wish to call attention to a new curve of stock market prices, which seems to be more complete, and hence to give a true picture of a situation in which thousands are interested.

The President of the New York Stock Exchange, in his recently issued annual report for 1925, puts his finger on the basic weakness of the average average. "To a greater or less extent," he says, "all the various existing 'stock averages' and the 'stock index numbers' are based on a selection of certain listed stock issues only, and in such compilations there is in consequence always involved the question of just how representative of the whole list these particular securities are."

One of the averages which is widely used is composed of twenty industrial stocks; another is made up of the same number of rails. Clearly, all industrial stocks are not included, nor are all the rails. It might therefore happen that there would be a pronounced fall or rise in rails or industrials which were not in this group.

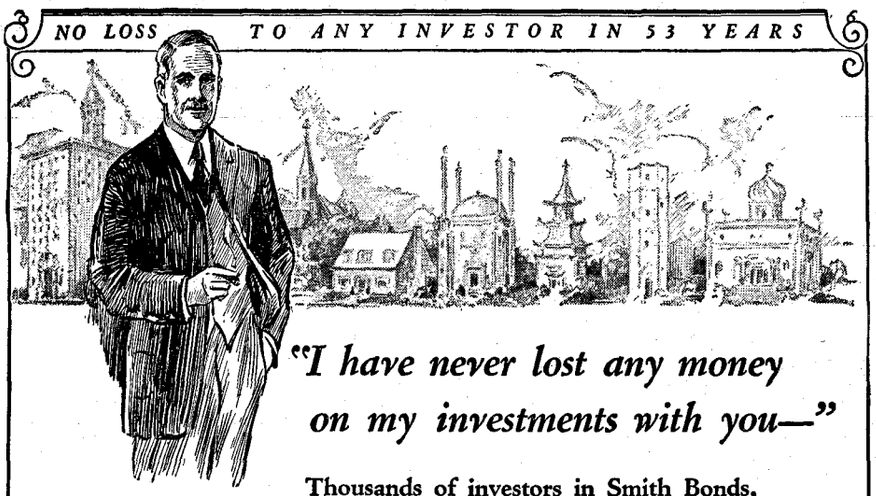
"The Statistical Department of the Exchange," says the report above referred to, "has completed for 1925 a set of price averages as of the beginning of each month, which include all stock issues on the list, weighted according to the number of shares of each. In the accompanying chart this new and completely inclusive set of averages is compared with the traditional Dow-Jones averages for twenty railway and twenty industrial stocks.

"Some allowance for changes in the list during each month must, of course, be made in these new average prices for all listed shares. Nevertheless the comparison serves to establish two significant facts—that the ordinary 'representative' stock averages tend to convey an exaggerated notion of the price levels at which listed shares are generally selling; and that to some extent they also tend to over-emphasize the actual extent of price fluctuations occurring throughout the entire stock market."

The chart referred to is reproduced on the next page.

We have called attention to the new Stock Exchange curve, not because we expect our readers to attempt to follow it—and get rich—but to bring out a point about all averages, including this one. The point is simply this: An average is useful in its place, and the world must have averages both as historical records and as a basis for calculations as to the probable future. But the average investor will do well to pay more attention to specific information about partic-

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 53 YEARS



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Thousands of investors in Smith Bonds, all over the world, have enjoyed this same gratifying experience—of loss-proof, worry-proof and profitable investment.

FEW experiences afford greater satisfaction than the ownership of investments that turn out right—that keep every dollar of principal safely intact, and that pay a good income with unfailing regularity.

Consider, then, this typical letter, received by The F. H. Smith Company from one of its investors:

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Send your name and address today, on the form below, for our booklets, "Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety" and "How to Build an Independent Income."

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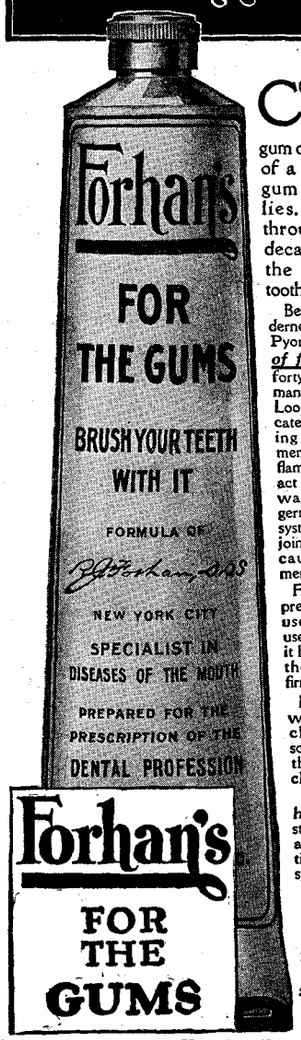
Science proves the danger of bleeding gums



COAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. *Four out of five* people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. Remember—these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans the teeth scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

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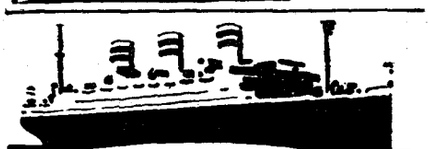

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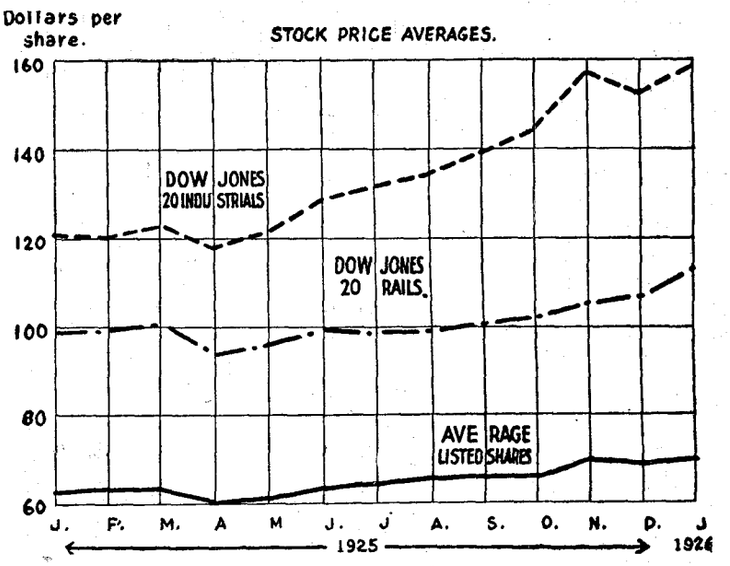

A comparison of averages

ular securities rather than to average trends, no matter how admirably figured out. Of course, if one is attempting to buy at the bottom of a market, or part way up, the average trend may be useful. But for strictly investment purposes the average is a guide of little worth.

The choosing of investments means the selection, not of the average, but of the *above the average;* and the average should be employed only, if at all, to see where the security under consideration stands out, not where it conforms. Many very successful investors buy on the record of corporations whose obligations or shares they are purchasing, without any reference whatever to whether, at the time of purchase, the price is high or low with respect to the average. Its height or lowness they measure on the basis of security and earning power.

If one were purchasing shares in a pool, or an investment trust, the relation of price to the average market might be worth noting; but here again is a case where averages are interesting, if true, rather than of prime importance.

W. L. S.

From Inquiring Readers

WHY should I buy short-term bonds? We get this question from many sources. A succinct answer to it is that the chief advantage is to have some funds available at almost any time without depreciation to take advantage of any good opportunity that might arise. For instance, a good bond maturing in 1929 is not likely to sell much below par, and if it is a good bond you can count on par in 1929. Could the same be said of an equally good bond maturing, for example, in 1952?

"IN reply to your inquiry of recent date," we told a reader who put to us typical questions about one well-know new issue, "we are unable to secure for you much detailed information about the Trans-Lux Company. This company is incorporated in Delaware with 100,000 shares Class A common and 500,000 shares of common, neither having par value. The company owns and distributes, apparently under a leasing or royalty scheme, a kind of moving-picture stock exchange tape. It is widely used and evidently with success. It is yet too early to give results of the business in dollars and cents. The stock would be regarded as somewhat speculative, as the future, of course, is yet to be proved."

"I AM writing to ask for information about certain German pre-war bonds, which I bought over a year ago. I knew at the time that there was considerable uncertainty as to the eventual payment of these bonds, but, as they were pre-war issues, I thought I would at least take a chance on them. . . . I have the following:

Prussia, 1885, 2,000 mark, 3½ per cent.

Bremen, 1909, 2,000 mark, 4 per cent.

Hamburg, 1911, 2,000 mark, 4 per cent."

The cash value of these bonds is so trivial that it is hardly worth the postage to send them to New York, where it is still possible to sell them.

'Ware foreign bonds of speculative tendencies!

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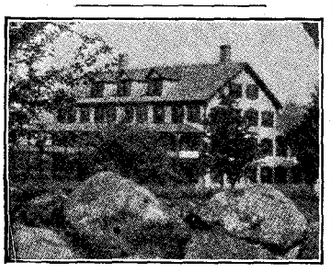
ANDERSON TOWERS Woodmont on L. I. Sound
Accessible to Yale. Highest references. All summer sports. Transient and season.

Maine



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North Shore, Cape Ann
The EDWARD
and Cottages
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Select Modern Family Resort Hotel
Sailing, fishing, bathing, golf, tennis. Quiet and restful. Booklet.
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A summer colony in the pine woods. We live in cabins grouped or placed singly in pine groves. Refectory and recreation studio centrally located. Tennis, golf, swimming. Open June 25th. Reservations now. Rates from $35 weekly. FRANCES O. GRISDALE, Mgr. Until June 20 address Miss J. S. ORVIS, 666 Washington St., Wellesley, Mass.

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Near the White Mountains
The place you always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the camp-fire. Private cabins.
H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

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Interbrook Lodge and Cottages
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1,500 ft. elevation. On direct trail to Mt. Marcy. 400-acre farm in connection. State certified Jersey herd. $18 and up. Write for illustrated booklet. M. E. LUCK, Prop.

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Stop at 34 Liberty St., Montpelier. A modern private home. More restful than a hotel—less expensive. Evening meal & breakfast served.

Mountain View Farm DANBY, VT. Quiet, restful farm, modern conveniences, homelike atmosphere, pleasant surroundings, grand mountain view. Booklet. N. P. Dillingham.

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HELEN LANE THURSTON
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SUMMER COTTAGE
Moosehead Lake, Maine
Remarkable opportunity to secure beautiful summer cottage site on Moosehead Lake, Maine. Combination boathouse and winter camp and steamer wharf now built preparatory to erecting main camp. Steamboat wharf one hundred feet in length on stone-filled piers. Spring water brought to camp pipes from spring eighty feet above lake level. Wooded high point projects into lake. Trout and salmon fishing. Deer and partridge. Limited kitchen and dining equipment now in combination boathouse building, also four single beds. Golf at Kineo. Boathouse, wharf, about thirty acres wooded land, water system and improvements. $9,000. Address F. S. Snyder, 53 Blackstone St., Boston, Mass.

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FOR SALE—At Woodstock, Vt.
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Board—Rooms

White Mountains CHOCORUA REGION
Two rooms with board, comfortable cottage, beautiful view. Address 6,419, Outlook.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

SECRETARIES, social workers, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

FRENCH-speaking governess for girls, eleven and nine, boy eight, going to country day school. Cedar Hill Farm, Reading, Pa.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite E-5842, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, in early fall, by elderly couple in country house few miles from Boston, Protestant family of two or three persons to do all the household work. House has modern electrical equipment in all departments. In service ell are small living-room, three bedrooms and bath. Recommendations must be good as to character and ability. In replying, please write fully on these points, giving age and experience. Good place for quiet people who wish permanent situation. Address P. O. Box 24, Auburndale, Mass.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Excellent white cook for family of seven and five servants. Must be refined, good tempered, and appreciative of happy surroundings. References required. Reply to Mrs. Wilson A. Campbell, 609 Academy Ave., Sewickley, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

BY graduate registered nurse, college graduate, expert traveler, position with chronic invalid or aged person. 7,139, Outlook.

CULTURED woman, years of experience (housemother) in boarding schools devoted to youth, desires similar post for September or would travel, at present dietitian in girls' camp. 7,147, Outlook.

EDUCATED, experienced woman as governess and mother's assistant. 7,142, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, widow, desires position as school hostess or supervising housekeeper, private home. Capable. Best references. 7,138, Outlook.

INTELLIGENT young woman liking country life. Drive Studebaker, help garden. Particulars through correspondence. Box 457, New Canaan, Conn.

MANAGING housekeeper, hostess—Ambitious woman, exceptionally experienced, qualified to assume management of club, hotel, sanitarium, etc., desiring the unusual in food, service, atmosphere, seeks position where ability and keen interest would be appreciated. 7,144, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

MIDDLE-aged woman, usually successful with young people and children, desires head position in small institution where home life can be fostered. 7,143, Outlook.

NURSE, practical, middle-aged, experienced, traveled, well recommended, to semi-invalid, preferably going California for winter. Mrs. Hughes, Box 28, Fort Washington, Pa.

YOUNG woman, conservatory graduate with years of experience teaching in college desires organ position and location for studio in small city. Piano, voice, pipe-organ. 7,141, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

NURSE wishes semi-invalid boarders. Box 44, Grampian, Pa.

NEW York shopping without charge by an experienced shopper. Reference required. Hattie Guthman, 530 West End Ave., N.Y.C.

REAL home in country and intelligent care given child under five. Chany, Sharon, Mass.

By the Way

SOME one has compared party platforms to the platforms of a street car. They are meant to get in on, but not to stand on.

The following news item is taken verbatim from the Memphis "Commercial Appeal:"

"A gentleman coming to Memphis Sunday morning in an automobile found himself athirst for corn whisky. He drove up in front of a filling station and, after some desultory conversation, expressed a desire for some liquid lightning. The gasoline seller informed him that he did a quiet liquor business on the side, whereupon a quart of corn whisky was transferred for four dollars of current money. Then the traveler said that his gasoline had run out, and the oil-station man might sell him five gallons, whereupon the oil-station man said: 'I cannot sell you any gasoline on Sunday. It's against the law, and besides I have never believed in breaking the Sabbath.'"

We suggest a new outdoor sport to occupy your minds while driving your car through tourist traffic. It consists of recording the humorous signs seen on the back ends of passing or passed flivvers. Here is the collection of one week:

"The tin you love to touch."
"True love—it never runs smooth."
"Lincoln's poor relation."
"Plenty of room ahead—don't push."
"Yours is a good car too."

Samuel H. Moss tells this one:

"She has such an interesting face. She looks like a woman that has lived and suffered."

"I fancy she has. For years she managed to squeeze a No. 4 foot into a No. 2 shoe."

From Punch:

Golfer (hopefully): "Notice any improvement since last year?"

Caddy: "'Ad yur clubs shined up, 'aven't yar?"

An officer was telling the young recruits: "Don't forget that the army is just one big family and—and that in each one of you there is the making of an unknown soldier."

First Little Girl: "Do you believe in the devil?"

Second Little Girl: "No! It's like Santa Claus. It's your father."

Add to similes:

"His heart knocked like a Ford car trying to climb the roof of a Methodist church."—*Gelett Burgess.*

"He felt like the symptoms on a medicine bottle."—*George Ade.*

That man is a pest. He's as hard to shake as a damp salt-cellar.

The tabloid newspapers have staged many strange contests in their fights for circulation. There has been contests for the best limericks, for the most beautiful girl, for the most beautiful ankle, etc., etc. But the recent contest of Hearst's New York "Daily Mirror," we believe, outdoes all its predecessors. A one-hundred-dollar prize and a theatrical career was offered for "the prettiest lips in America." The competitors entered the race by smearing their lips with rouge and then pressing them upon white slips of paper. We understand that thousands upon thousands entered the competition.

"One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives."—*Mark Twain.*

From "Everybody's Magazine:"

The Kansas City lawyer whose office was on the tenth floor of the sky-scraper was expecting a client from the country. The door opened and the client entered, puffing violently. "Some walk up those ten flights!" he gasped.

"Why didn't you ride up on the elevator?" asked the lawyer.

"I meant to, but I just missed the blame thing," was the answer.

All the dope we swallow in this country is not narcotic.

Here's another stunt. It is interesting to read the following verses to two auditors, one of whom sees them also. They can be made quite intelligible to the one who only hears them, while wholly incomprehensible to the one who sees them as well.

Ape Owe 'Em

When fur stews can this sill leer I'm
Toot rye tomb ache theme e'en ink Lear,
Youth inked wood butt bee weigh sting thyme;
Use eh "It's imp lean on scents shear!"

Gnome attar. Anna lies align!
Nation mice lender verse says knot—
Fork rip tick poet real Ike mine
How Aaron weal, demesnes allot.

An Ethiopian version of Horace's *Carpe Diem* by Roselle Montgomery:

Mah day is to-day!
You kin have, I say,
To-morrow—which ain' come—
Yistiddy—which done gone—
Take 'em bofe, I say,
But—gimme to-day!

To-day is mah fren',
To-day's de day foh me!
Yistiddy I borrow,
Got to pay to-morrow,
But to-day—I spen',
To-day is mah fren'!

Trouble come to-day?
I say, "Back away!
Git out, ole man Sorrow!
Call roun' to-morrow!
Ain't you heah me say
Dat to-day's mah day?"

An aimless shopper talking to her companion: "Well, dear, as you're not going to buy anything you might just as well look at something more expensive."

A prominent business man who had not had a liberal education was made a member of the college Board of Trustees. The boys gave him a serenade. The old gentleman experienced great pleasure on their visit, and also his appreciation of his official honor. He said he believed in education, and added: "Young gentlemen, I cannot express to you how deeply I am concerned in education. It is, in fact, my 'idiosyncrasy.'"

Kind Stranger: "Are you the little man I gave candy to yesterday?"

Small Child: "No. I'se the little girl who heard about you."

"Our pastor," writes a subscriber from Ohio, "says he is unalterably opposed to religion in politics and will never vote for any one but a Protestant."

The total number of Bibles sold during the year 1925 was reported in this department as ten and one-half billion copies. Of course, this should have read ten and one-half million copies. The first total would mean two copies for every soul in the world. Until we printed this obvious error we were unaware of the fact that so many people read these columns. Most of our readers were good enough to remind us, and we are much encouraged.

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